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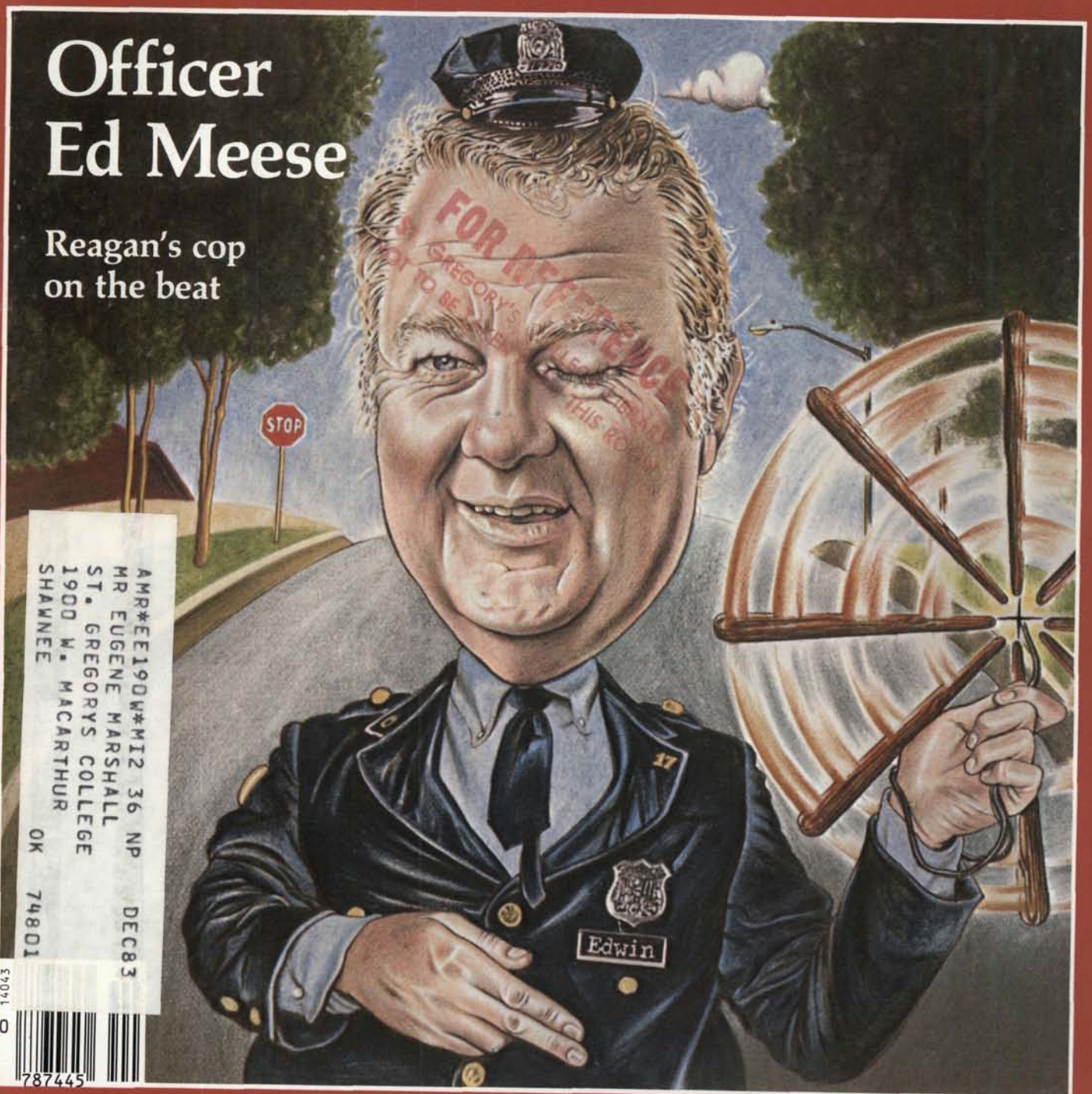
THE NEW REPUBLIC



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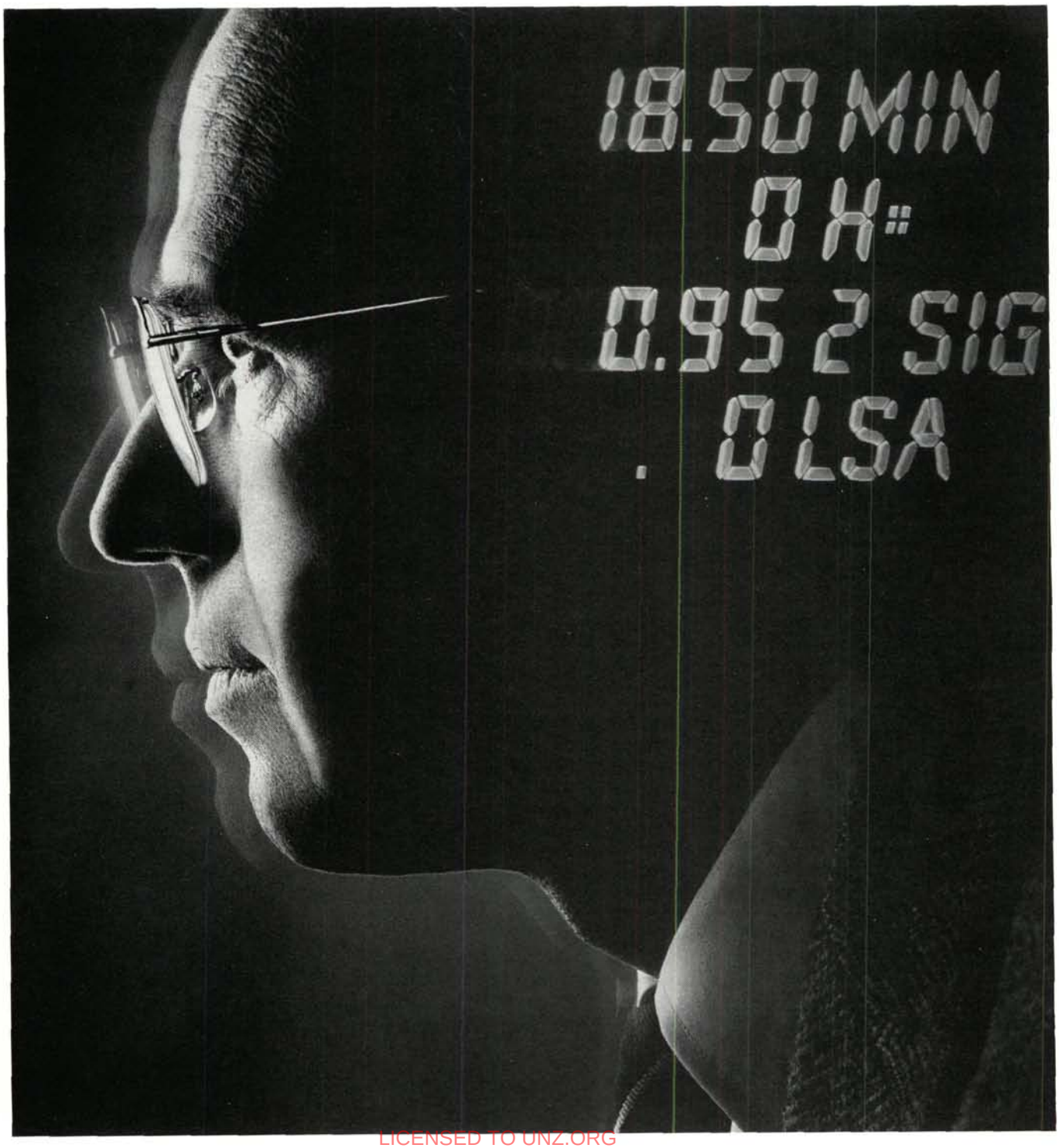

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,482

WASHINGTON, D.C. — OCTOBER 7, 1981

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THE NEW REPUBLIC, Volume 185, Number 14, Issue 3,482, October 7, 1981. Published weekly (except the weeks of January 3, July 11, August 8, and August 29) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Advertising: (202) 331-9787. Leadership Network advertising: (212) 682-4500. Single copy, $1.50; yearly subscriptions, $32; foreign, $39; students, $18. ©1981 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers**: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and inquiries about subscriptions and undelivered copies to **Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737.**

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Demonstrations

I was lying there on the grass with a quarter-million people around me, thinking about Pope Leo X and the start of the new fiscal year. Leo X, you remember, was the one who sold indulgences to help pay for his building program on St. Peter's Church. Martin Luther and a lot of others didn't like indulgence-selling (a scandalous practice indeed, brought to an end by the Council of Trent in 1562), but it was lucrative. In vulgar terms, you put down your money and saved a relative, say, from so many days in purgatory. Before you condemn it, remember that we do something rather like it today. The government draws up complicated taxes and then permits cities and other agencies to sell indulgences (pardon me, I mean tax-exempt securities) for those who are affluent enough to buy them. The poor man can buy them, too, of course. It is all very democratic. All he needs is 50 or 100 grand, and he will find it worthwhile to buy nice, crisp tax-exempt bonds (at a somewhat lower interest rate than ordinary commercial paper). Here's a typical advertisement from the *New York Times*: "17% Tax Free Municipal Bonds: Interest is Free of All Federal Tax." See how simple it is? The financial papers are full of such ads. Like so many things in President Reagan's controversial new financial program (which carries on the idea of tax exemptions), there seems to be a remarkable tilt in favor of the rich and against the poor.

I was lying there on the grass on the Mall, with the Washington Monument behind me and the Capitol looming in front, and the loudspeakers blaring, and a couple of helicopters overhead, and President Reagan at Camp David 60 miles away, and a serious young man in spectacles stepping over my feet holding a home-lettered placard, "Beware the Peoples Wrath." He had the apostrophe in the wrong place. It was, of course, Solidarity Day, September 19.

Every big demonstration has a personality of its own. Around you are inchoate faces and figures and placards with no more pattern than the underside of a tapestry, and you wonder what design God has put on the other side. I was there before the Lincoln Memorial on August 28, 1963, in the civil rights march. It was so law-abiding that marchers obeyed the "Don't Step on the Grass" signs in making shortcuts. The vast throng sang spirituals; it was powerful and reverent. It ended with Martin Luther King Jr. making his "I have a dream" speech before the Lincoln Memorial. It tingles even now.

There were the antiwar marches during Vietnam. They were militant with a touch of hysteria and would-be martyrs just under the surface waiting to be immolated. Nixon fooled 'em! He didn't flee to Camp David; he stayed in the White House. I remember my surprise when I found the grounds walled off with transit buses, bumper to bumper —a sudden, ingenious Berlin Wall wheeled around the place, impenetrable by even the most audacious. Nixon taunted them all the next day by saying he had watched a game on television while they were demonstrating.

This Solidarity Day rally was different. The crowd, extending as far as your eye could see, seemed to be a fair cross section of working- and middle-class America. I was gratified at the luck of this gamble (for it might have been a flop for the AFL-CIO and allies), and you could sense a kind of hurt bewilderment hardening into anger. As I sat on the grass in the middle of the rally, I realized that you can't measure a crowd this size. It wasn't packed together. I walked through it from the monument to the bannered stand at the other end. The Park Service estimated 240,000. Who knows? There was some cadenced shouting, some singing, no real stem-winder of an orator to whip them up like George Meany or John L. Lewis. (Lane Kirkland is all right, but cerebral.) What emerged was a feeling of accumulating mass identity, of gathering bitterness toward Reagan, no doubt about it, and anger at the idea that the little man is being gypped in all this tax cutting and budget slashing. He fears the loss of cherished gains. In reaction to the cuts in the school lunch program, one speaker cried, "I say 'No' to the philosophy that says, 'Let them eat ketchup'!"

So that brings us to the beginning of the new fiscal year, October 1, and Reagan's new start at reordering his budget. It's impossible not to sympathize with him, in office only eight months and assailed by labor and questioned by Wall Street. Former Nixon defense secretary Jim Schlesinger says the 1981 tax cut is "likely to go down in history as the single most irresponsible fiscal action of modern times." This was the untax-ourselves-rich program. Lack of confidence in the financial markets has meant remarkable paper losses. Stocks tumbled 15 percent and lost perhaps $200 billion; bonds have crumpled, too—Raymond DeVoe Jr., Wall Street bond analyst, puts it at $300 billion since mid-June. Reagan has used up a lot of political capital; he is threatened with congressional veto of Awacs and, at long last, he confronts Moscow with our NATO allies anxiously watching. No doubt about it, this is a crisis of confidence.

One remarkable thing as the old year fades and the new one dawns is the faithfulness of Mobil Oil to the administration. In a new series of advertisements labeled "At last, an energy policy," it headlines the first one "Giving the Marketplace a Chance." It urged such a program in the Carter administration, it says, and "now America has such a policy." It came on July 15 with the Reagan National Energy Plan. Yes sir, this lets people enjoy free market prices, Mobil says, and "restricts government's role to where it's needed . . . off the backs of people and business."

What is this program? Actually it gives oil multibillion-dollar tax breaks to increase production. "Big oil is making obscene profits," charged Senator Ernest Hollings, Democrat of South Carolina, at a recent budget hearing. Congress invented new loopholes for oil in the last budget-go-round. "How can we cut Social Security and child feeding programs," Hollings demanded, "while giving oil these tax breaks?" Ah well, it has its poignant side. It leaves Reagan with one staunch friend in his hour of trial. Mobil seems a bit detached, though, like a man sitting along in a crowd of a quarter-million.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
OCTOBER 7, 1981

THE AWACS RAW DEAL

In 1977 the Carter administration proposed the sale of seven Airborne Warning and Command Systems to the shah of Iran. Israel was not an issue. Members of Congress who were skeptical about the sale could not be accused, as William F. Buckley Jr. has accused opponents of the current Awacs sale to Saudi Arabia, of trying to "outdo [each other] in servility to Begin." Nor could it be said then, as Carl Rowan says now, that "the Begin administration and its US supporters . . . push[ed] Americans into strife over the Awacs." Yet strife there was over the Iranian Awacs. Senator Thomas Eagleton needed no pushing to conclude, "About the only positive aspect of selling the sensitive weapons system to Iran is the possibility of reducing the unit cost of the US Air Force Awacs." Hubert Humphrey was able, all by himself, to summarize the case for the sale in four words: "The shah expects it." Congress blocked the sale to Iran because flattering the shah and helping the Air Force amortize its cost overruns did not seem to be worth the risk of jeopardizing the security of a weapons system that the Air Force had called "the most revolutionary development in air power since the invention of radar." The CIA estimated that the Awacs represented a five- to seven-year US technological advantage over the Soviets. The senators were afraid then, as John Glenn and others are now, that giving up US control over the planes would expose them to compromise by means of theft, espionage, or revolution. After all, even our NATO allies cannot operate Awacs except under joint command with the US. The Carter administration countered with a flurry of assurances: the shah's regime was stable; Iranian security arrangements were "of a very high order"; Iran's security record was excellent. (Iran's F-14s and Phoenix missiles were cited as examples.) Secretary of State Cyrus Vance assured the House of Representatives that "Awacs security will be protected." Congress was unconvinced, and the Awacs sale was withdrawn by the administration. It was finally resubmitted later in the year and approved only after Congress had been given additional assurances that special security guarantees would be provided.

The rest, as they say, is history. Within 18 months the shah had been overthrown. The F-14s and Phoenix missiles were lost. When the US Navy was ordered into the Indian Ocean after the Iranian revolution, it had to devise countermeasures against *American*-made Harpoon antiship missiles, now in hostile Iranian hands. The only major weapons system that was not compromised was the Awacs—they had not yet arrived. They were scheduled for delivery in 1981.

With the fall of the shah, the US had to redesign not only its weapons systems but its Persian Gulf policy as well. Under the Nixon doctrine—which held that since the American people would not longer tolerate direct American military involvement overseas, US interests would have to be entrusted to surrogate powers—the shah had acted as our agent in the gulf. When the shah was swept away, the Nixon doctrine went with him. It became clear that if the US is to protect its strategic interest in the Persian Gulf—i.e., access to oil—then it must be able to project its own power in the region.

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Correspondence

Reviewing Kauffmann

To the editors:
Stanley Kauffmann's vitriolic reviews increasingly irritate me, both for their lack of grace and for the simple reason that they never *inform* enough to judge whether a film is worth seeing. (Perhaps this latter expectation is naive.) Surely other readers were repelled by the tone and content of his latest review (*Prince of the City*, "Brand-new Reruns," TNR, September 9), the "low-light" of which was his denunciation of the shape of Treat Williams's head. How taste-free and uninformative!

Christian E. Hart
New York, New York

To the editors:
Kudos for Stanley Kauffmann for his penetrating review of Brian De Palma's *Blow Out* ("Blowhard," TNR, August 22 & 29). After enduring the shrill panegyrics of numerous newspaper reviews on yet another De Palma misconception, it was not only refreshing but also reassuring to read Kauffmann's astute review. Thankfully, I can always rely on Kauffmann to see De Palma as the cinematic charlatan he is, and not be duped by his celluloid bag of tricks that charms less discerning critics. Onward Stan!

Clay Hutto
Columbia, Missouri

Godliness Isn't Trendiness

To the editors:
Charles Krauthammer did not serve himself, The "new look" New Republic, his readers, or the cause of a more decent world by his facile putdown of the World Council of Churches as "Holy Fools" (TNR, September 9). To bolster his charge of "trendiness" or worse, he omitted some pertinent facts and took others out of context.

For example, he failed to indicate that the council's concern with peace, justice, race, and freedom goes back at least to the 1937 Oxford Conference on Church, Community, and State, which led to the formation of the WCC no less than did the Edinburgh conferences of 1910 and 1937. It was not a new fad of the 1960s and 1970s, though the problems and the responses naturally changed. Also, the article's innuendos about "doling out money" to "African guerrillas" are reminiscent of the discredited right-wing charges that "Christian tithes" were being used to buy guns for violent Marxist revolutionaries. It would have been more informative, if less sensational, to note that designated funds were advanced to provide food and other basic necessities for the families of the liberation forces. That similar grants were made to more than one group may indicate not confusion of aim but plurality of need—not cared for by the Ian Smith regime.

Huber F. Klemme
Berea, Ohio

Charles Krauthammer replies:
Church concern for peace, justice, etc. began not with the Oxford conference but with Jesus. The WCC's innovation was to translate this concern into a mandate for supporting guerrilla war in selected countries. As for the humanitarian purpose of the aid, the WCC statement of principles on grants to liberation groups states that their purpose is for humanitarian aid. This declaration is followed immediately by another: "Grants are made without control over the manner in which they are spent. . . ." Not even the WCC itself pretends that guerrilla armies keep separate accounts for humanitarian versus military activities, let alone for church versus nonchurch money.

Buckley Befriended

To the editors:
In an otherwise incisive piece on the Mailer-Abbott affair ("The Literary Life of Crime," TNR, September 9) James Atlas does William F. Buckley Jr. an injustice. Drawing an analogy between Mailer's championing of Jack Abbott and Buckley's promotion of Edgard H. Smith Jr., Atlas suggests that Buckley shares Mailer's "fascination with criminality" and "the conviction widely held among writers that they themselves are outcasts, enemies of society." In fact, the two situations are not comparable and Atlas's inferences are unwarranted.

Buckley believed Smith to be innocent. As it turned out, Buckley was wrong and conceded this explicitly and publicly. But what is crucial is Buckley's initial conviction that Smith was falsely charged and mistakenly convicted. Mailer and company were under no such illusions. They supported Abbott's cause in spite of what they knew about his criminal past; indeed, in a sense, because of his past.

Thomas Schick
New York University
New York, New York

Memories Of FDR

To the editors:
I would like to add a note to TRB's recollections of FDR walking on crutches in public ("Old and New Doctrines, TNR, September 16). In 1936 I was a young lieutenant at the Citadel in Charleston, South Carolina, when FDR came to speak there. A platform was erected on the parade ground where four-star general Charles Summerall waited in the sun; officers in dress uniform sat in front and the cadet corps standing at parade rested behind. A 21-gun salute boomed as the presidential entourage entered the grounds. We stood at attention as the presidential limousine stopped at the platform. The door opened, and two husky bodyguards brought out the wheelchair. FDR looked at the ramp that led up to the platform, waved the bodyguards aside, grasped the rails, and slowly, slowly pulled his dragging legs up the ramp.

We were Dixiecrats to a man, and we despised our New Deal president. But Roosevelt was also our commander-in-chief, and as we watched that magnificent display of spirit and courage we shared a moment of profound emotion which I can compare only to a few in the greatest theaters I have known. When at last he gripped the lectern, we breathed again. No 21-gun salute ever honored a man more.

Martin Shockley
Denton, Texas

The editors welcome correspondence from TNR's readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address, and telephone number; should be typed double-spaced; and should be held to under 200 words.

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That is why both the Carter and Reagan administrations actively sought bases in the area or, at least, facilities and joint military exercises with friendly states. These have been offered by Egypt and Israel. The Saudis, on the other hand, have resolutely opposed any US presence in the Persian Gulf. They have denied the US bases in Saudi Arabia and pressured Oman, whose sultan is more favorably disposed to strategic cooperation with the US, to do the same. As the *Wall Street Journal* put it, "The Saudis have always wanted the US to defend them, but to remain 6,000 miles away."

The Saudi position on Awacs is part of the same policy. The US originally sent its own Awacs to protect the Saudi oil fields during the Yemen crisis in 1979 and the Iran-Iraq war in 1980. That arrangement suited the Saudis except for one detail: they wanted the planes but they didn't want the Americans in them. The whole point of arranging a *sale* was to remove any vestige of American control over these weapons. The issue was not one of protection. No one disputes the US interest in protecting Saudi Arabia. As Senator Rudy Boschwitz of Minnesota told Secretary Haig at last week's Foreign Relations Committee hearings: "If the motive for the sale is protection of Saudi Arabia and not a demonstration of its influence with the US then the Western world would be better served by continuing the present arrangement of the US Awacs and backup equipment." Senate opponents have pleaded with the administration for a joint command or lease arrangement which, Senator Glenn of Ohio assured Haig, the Senate would approve in ten minutes. Under a sale, the US would lose any access to information gathered, any control over where and how the weapons are used, and any ability to assure the security of the Awacs. In supporting Saudi insistence on a sale, the administration is in the embarrassing position of having to explain how this transaction—whose sole outcome will be to deprive the US of a de facto operational base in the Persian Gulf—serves US strategic interests. (The administration says that we will still enjoy some surreptitious secondhand control because the Saudis will be indefinitely dependent on US technicians to run the Awacs. That argument requires us to believe that Arabs are so incapable of running modern machinery that Saudi Arabia, despite its $100-billion annual income, will be unable to train the 17 technicians it takes to run an Awacs plane.)

A US presence on the ground in the gulf is in the Saudi interest, too, because the only credible deterrent to a Soviet move against the oil fields is the United States. The 45,000-man Saudi army would be useless with or without Awacs. (The Awacs would give the Saudis an extra five minutes of warning time, or just enough time to allow the royal family to review its will.) Nevertheless, for reasons of national *amour propre*, the Saudis don't want Americans there. That is perhaps understandable. What is not understandable is how an American administration can accept such a one-sided conception of its much-vaunted "strategic consensus," and not only swallow its own *amour propre* but actively collaborate in a policy that effectively *reduces* US power in the gulf.

In order to acquiesce to Saudi demands for US absence from the area, and still defend US interests there, the Reagan administration has had to resurrect the Nixon doctrine. This time the surrogate is to be Saudi Arabia. Iran, of course, is no longer available. And by any measure, Saudi Arabia is less suited—and even less inclined—to defend US interests in the gulf. Saudi Arabia has a good deal of oil, sand, and money, but very little else. With a small population and a primitive technical infrastructure, it now draws its skilled technicians from the West and its manual laborers from a discontented majority of Islamic guest workers. It has a small Western-trained military establishment, whose loyalty the royal family cannot take for granted. The weakness of the Saudi regime has already been demonstrated by the seizure of the mosque at Mecca and the Shiite riots in its oil-rich eastern province. Its immense wealth enables it, for the time being, to buy off its radical enemies. But that is itself a sign of weakness. The internal vulnerability of the Saudi regime means that even if it were inclined toward closer security cooperation with the West, it is simply too weak to pursue such a policy. Thus, the Saudis (unlike the shah) deny US bases and avoid any military coordination. And, thus, they work also to undermine the second major US strategic interest in the area: the Camp David accords.

The US-Egypt-Israel entente that has evolved from Camp David constitutes the strategic core of the US position in the Middle East. It is the principal Western counterweight to Soviet control of the periphery (Libya, Ethiopia, South Yemen, and Afghanistan). The US has a vital interest not only in maintaining the Egypt-Israel entente but also in drawing other nations to support it. So far, in the Persian Gulf only Oman has retained cordial relations with Egypt (much to the displeasure of Saudi Arabia). Therefore, when Secretary Haig made the argument that "what is at stake [in the Awacs sale] is this nation's capacity to develop a strategy to move the peace process forward . . . ," he succeeded in dumbfounding the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Senator Bob Packwood of Oregon summarized the Saudi contribution to the peace process: "Saudi Arabia has condemned the Israeli-Egypt peace accords, financed the PLO, led the Arab boycott of Egypt, blocked Israeli ships from using the Suez Canal, called for a holy war with Israel, and broken diplomatic ties with Egypt."

How will Awacs for the Saudis further the peace process? The administration says that with massive American weapons acquisitions, the regime will feel secure enough to make the concessions necessary for peace. That, of course, is precisely the argument that

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the Carter administration made in 1978 for selling 62 F-15s to Saudi Arabia. If anything, Saudi opposition to Sadat has hardened since then. Assume for a moment that the Saudi regime would like to see Camp David prosper but it cannot risk domestic upheaval by saying so. Does anyone believe that Awacs will help Prince Fahd co-opt domestic rejectionists? If Iran taught us anything, it is that extravagant expenditures on sophisticated weapons are apt to breed domestic discontent. At best, they contribute nothing to internal stability.

THERE are still those who believe that if we do not sell Awacs to the Saudis they won't be prepared to sell us their oil at a reasonable price. Now, price moderation was another of the rewards we were supposed to reap from the original F-15 sale in 1978. Back then, the price of oil was $12 a barrel. Now it's $32. Some, like Carl Rowan, believe that we should thank the Saudis for having "pumped more oil than was good for them." That formulation would surprise Sheikh Yamani. He recently outlined Saudi Arabia's oil policy in an interview with Arab News of Jeddah. The Saudis have realized that the oil shock of 1979 began a movement toward massive conservation and energy substitution in the developed world. As a result, said Yamani, "OPEC's share of the market fell from 31 million barrels daily in 1979 to much less than 24 million barrels a day this year." (Most observers put OPEC's world market share now at about 20 million barrels a day.) He continued: "Some analysts expect OPEC's share to fall in the early 1990s to less than 15 million barrels daily. This would mean a collapse of the organization [OPEC] and a lot of economic hardship for Saudi Arabia which, basically, relies on its oil revenue." Countries like Algeria, which will run out of oil by 1990, don't care about that. Their interest is to raise prices as high as they can as quickly as they can. Not Saudi Arabia, though. Says Yamani: "Such an action would be suicidal and a sacrifice of the real interests of the kingdom." The Saudis' oil policy is designed to prevent economic suicide. It is a policy they are likely to continue whether or not we proffer them tokens of good will.

The substance of the sale makes so little sense that the administration now appeals almost in desperation to its symbolic value. It has come down to a question of saving face. As a *New York Times* editorial puts it, "The struggle in Washington no longer turns on any American military benefits. It has become a matter of sustaining Mr. Reagan's stature and credibility." Secretary Haig told the Foreign Relations Committee that the European leaders he had talked to "were concerned that the president of the United States might again be confronted with a situation in foreign policy in which his international credibility is questioned by the American Congress." Haig's use of the word "again" is curious. He can only be referring to the most recent and spectacular congressional challenges to presidential foreign policy, the scuttling of SALT II and the near-sinking of the Panama Canal treaties. Since the opposition in those cases was led by Reagan and other conservative Republicans, one can be skeptical about Reagan's newfound belief that Congress is duty-bound to let a president have his way simply because he is president.

The administration also would like us to believe that we should go ahead with the sale because it has now taken on important symbolic value for the Saudis. As Hubert Humphrey would say, "The Saudis expect it." They call this sale a test of the US-Saudi relationship. What does this mean? The 1978 F-15 sale was a test of the US-Saudi relationship. We passed that one, but what did we get for it? And when will the next test be? The real symbolic meaning of the sale would be its demonstration to the world that the Saudis can extract agreements from the US that are contrary to American strategic interests. The administration would not like to put things so bluntly. Secretary Haig says that the sale symbolizes "the seriousness of our commitment to Saudi Arabia's security." But we already know the uselessness of *symbolic* demonstrations of US concern for other nations' security. Four years ago, in almost identical language, Assistant Secretary of State Alfred Atherton said that if the Awacs sale to Iran were vetoed, "It would raise severe doubts in Iranian minds about the seriousness of our concern for Iranian security and about the future of our attachment to the longstanding US-Iranian relationship." Well, that Awacs sale was not vetoed, and within 18 months Iranian security and the US-Iranian relationship were quite literally overthrown. Our "symbol of concern" did nothing to save the pro-Western Iranian elite or the US-Iranian relationship. What the US—and the Saudis—need is not a symbol of concern but real strategic cooperation.

And what the Middle East doesn't need is another cause of instability. The Awacs package, which includes 1,100 Sidewinder missiles and extended-range add-ons for the F-15s, is a threat to Israel. And because they open a new front to Israel's south, these weapons will inevitably make Saudi Arabia a target, a major combatant, and, most likely, a victim in any Arab-Israeli war. They will also spur a costly and dangerous arms race in the Middle East. That is the last thing Israel, Saudi Arabia, or the US needs. The sale is a blunder of the first order. The best way for the administration to extricate itself is to withdraw the sale. If Reagan needs to, he can blame it on Congress. He should then offer the compromise that Senate Democrats have been advocating for months: a joint command or leasing arrangement where the US retains control over the Awacs. Reagan might also begin to devise some better strategy for protecting US interests in the Persian Gulf than pouring weapons indiscriminately into nations unable and unwilling to tolerate our presence in the area.

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Small Fortune

"Token sums" are what the Commission on Hostage Compensation is calling the $12.50 payments it recommends the government disburse to each former Iranian hostage for every day spent in captivity. That sounds like the hostages were on jury duty, which is not what the commission intends and not what the hostages deserve or need.

As employees of the federal government, the former hostages indeed merit monetary compensation for their ordeal. But they are already receiving that from their federal employer, and it doesn't come in multiples of a token figure dreamed up by a token presidential commission. It is determined by legislation passed by Congress—federal employment compensation statutes and the new Hostage Relief Act passed last year. The government appropriately assumes the costs of providing health care and disability benefits for the hostages, compensating them for specific material losses, and seeing that their careers are duly promoted, not compromised.

It's not clear that the former hostages deserve additional monetary compensation in the sense of tort as plaintiffs injured by their government. Their lawyers argue that they do, on the grounds that the US government signed away their personal rights to sue Iran in the settlement concluded in Algiers; the Justice Department argues that they don't. In any case, $12.50 a day is not the kind of figure likely to represent damages these days (already one lawyer has come up with a nice round sum of $1,000).

As for the symbolic compensation the hostages deserve, they certainly haven't received it from this commission. They got it from their fellow citizens, who honored them by tying ribbons around trees, lighting candles, staging parades—all to demonstrate a patriotic spirit that matched the hostages' own. The commission has wasted its time dusting off the War Claims Act of 1948 with its notion of detention benefits; fiddling with it so it fits hostages rather than POWs; fussing with earlier benefits to adjust for inflation—only to come up with a paltry price tag to hang on the hostages' priceless patriotism.

One hostage's wife, Louisa Kennedy, had this reaction: "It's terribly sad to me that the windup of all this had to be articulated in a small sum of money. It's as if they want to put all those events in a drawer of history, and it's a very small drawer." She's right—money is beside the point. It would be far more fitting to be opening large drawers of history to learn lessons from our confused policies in Iran. One of the nine members of the Commission on Hostage Compensation, ex-secretary of state Cyrus Vance, ought to feel particularly sheepish that he's not contributing to that airing, which would be more than a token gesture to the hostages.

White House Watch

Cabinet Boardroom

LOUD GUFFAWS greeted the news from Edwin Meese and other Reagan transition advisers last November and December that yet another president was going to institute cabinet government in Washington. The doubters had plenty of recent presidential history to justify their laughter and their belief that cabinet government can't work. No one since Dwight D. Eisenhower had succeeded with the system. Lyndon Johnson didn't even try. In 1969 Richard Nixon promised to give cabinet officers full authority to operate their departments and to consult them fully on policy, but soon H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman were running everything. Reacting against that, Jimmy Carter also pledged to delegate authority and consult the cabinet, only to become disillusioned and rediscover the necessity of centralized management, complete with a White House chief of staff. At the start of his administration Carter held cabinet meetings once a week. By 1978 his average was twice a month, and in the final two years it fell to once every six weeks.

Cabinet government wouldn't work, said Carter's outgoing commerce secretary, Philip Klutznick, because "it's naive to believe that secretaries can be independent decision-makers. They inevitably reflect the views and constituencies they represent as department heads. It's part of their mandate." Along the same line, Carter's former chief speechwriter, James Fallows, wrote in the *New York Times* that "the president and his cabinet have a relationship like that of a solar system, with each department subject to centrifugal forces that threaten to send them spinning away into space. The only thing that gives stability to this system is a constant pull from the center." Carter's White House domestic adviser, Stuart Eizenstat, says that "there were always disputes among agencies over turf and who the lead agency was going to be on a policy. In some cases, department heads would come to me and ask for more White House involvement because they couldn't get other agencies to cooperate. We found it wise to have as much White House direction as possible, because it was more neutral direction."

IN SPITE of this sad history and the many predictions to the contrary, cabinet government does seem to work for the Reagan administration. You may not like the policies it produces, but the process does produce them in a reasonably orderly manner—and in a manner that satisfies the people involved in it, including the president, the White House staff, and the cabinet itself. As one administration official with extensive Washington experience put it: "In terms of domestic decisions, it's absolutely night and day to watch this operation compared to the last four or five.

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**Unprecedented and unequaled in our time—
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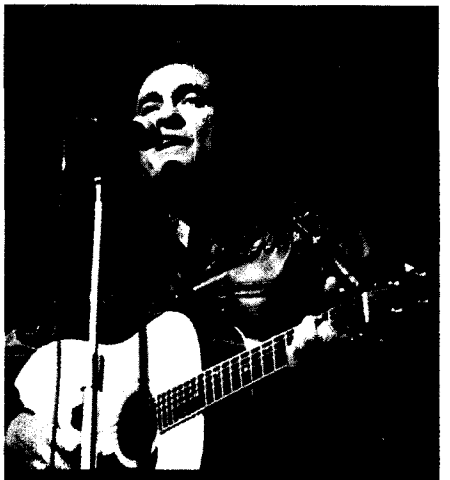
A unique collection that only the Country Music Foundation could assemble

To assemble this collection, the staff of the Country Music Foundation carefully reviewed the Foundation's own archives of 75,000 records. In addition, they enlisted the support of all the country music record companies – whose vaults hold many of the master recordings selected for this collection. And they were able to obtain rare recordings from private collectors and country music artists themselves.

As a result, the Country Music Foundation Official Archive



"Country is the music of the people. Songs of the soil. forsaken and fulfilled love. Story songs whose music is both contemporary and timeless . . . I love it, and I am proud to be part of the first collection to tell the whole country music story."
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The collection will feature milestone recordings from the careers of country music's most important artists. Such *great contemporaries* as Loretta Lynn, with 'Blue Kentucky Girl' and 'Coal Miner's Daughter.' Kenny Rogers and The First Edition, with 'Ruby, Don't Take Your Love to Town.' Johnny Cash with 'I Walk The Line' and 'Sunday Morning Coming Down.' Dolly Parton, with 'Coat Of Many Colors' and 'My Tennessee Mountain Home.' The "outlaw" music of Willie Nelson. The Nashville sound of Chet Atkins and Eddy Arnold. Country rock, with The Charlie Daniels Band. And country classics by popular music artists Linda Ronstadt, Glen Campbell and Anne Murray.

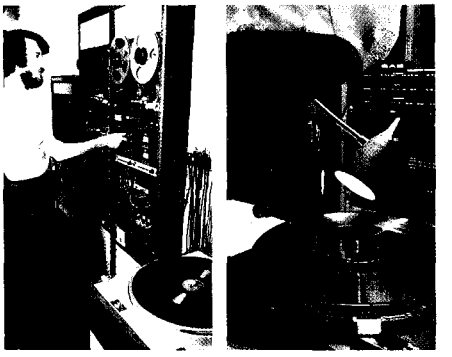
Also included will be the unforgettable recordings of such long-time *favorites* as Hank Snow, Ernest Tubb and Merle Travis. The *legendary giants:* Hank Williams, Patsy Cline, Jim Reeves, Flatt and Scruggs, and Jimmie Rodgers. And recordings that reflect regional influences and evolving musical styles – *bluegrass, Cajun, country gospel, western swing, honky tonk* and *rockabilly.*

The collection will include such *rare recordings* as Vernon Dalhart's 1924 recording of 'The Prisoner's Song' – country music's first million selling record, and Loretta Lynn's early classic 'Honky Tonk Girl' – now out of issue. And from the Foundation's archives will come *previously unreleased recordings* – studio "takes" never before made generally available.

Records of superior quality

Every step has been taken to ensure the *technical excellence* of the collection. Thus, all of the *early* recordings will first undergo a painstaking restoration process in the Country Music Foundation's newly opened Audio Restoration Laboratory. Here, recordings of classic performances will be electronically "cleaned" groove-by-groove to eliminate extraneous surface noise and preserve the original sound.

To produce the records, the Foundation has appointed The Franklin Mint Record Society – judged by audio experts to be a leader in producing records of superior quality. The vinyl used will be of a special formula containing its own anti-static element. This material, together with the careful process by which the pressing is made, results in a record that is more rigid, durable and resistant to dust. A true *proof-quality record* – providing exceptional tonal fidelity and clear, clean sound when played through any of today's audio systems.



In the Foundation's audio laboratory, the latest electronic techniques are used to restore the original sound quality of early recordings. Then, the records are pressed in a dust-free "clean room," where strict production standards, and audio and visual inspection, assure high quality.

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The way you got a decision previously, a cabinet officer would be tasked to come up with a proposal. If it was highly controversial, it would come before the cabinet, but that was for information purposes only. In most cases, it would just go to the president and then be announced. Now there is a procedure for mandatory consideration of issues by agencies that have even a peripheral interest in the subject before it goes to the president. So we know all about what's going on. We can take action in our own departments that's supportive and we can get our own [departmental] people thinking about solutions." According to this official, there is some theoretical danger that too many cooks may spoil the Reagan pot, but "I'd much rather have many people being supportive than see the constant backbiting and undercutting that goes on when they don't find out about a decision until it's too late and don't appreciate the way it was handled. And how many times have we seen *that* in past administrations?"

THERE have been fights in the administration—Alexander Haig versus David Stockman over foreign aid budgets; the White House staff versus Haig on foreign policy authority; Stockman versus Energy Secretary James Edwards on synfuels; Caspar Weinberger versus Haig on timing of the neutron bomb production decision; and Stockman versus Weinberger on defense budgets—but none of them has the debilitating quality of the struggles that led Carter to fire Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Joseph Califano, Energy Secretary James Schlesinger, and Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal. There are bound to be disagreements over policy in any administration. The test lies in how they are channeled.

In the Reagan administration, domestic policymaking is carried out through a series of five cabinet councils on economic affairs, commerce and trade, food and agriculture, human resources, and natural resources and the environment, with six to eight members of the cabinet on each. The National Security Council originally was supposed to function like a cabinet council, but it doesn't. "The National Security Council is not a collegial body," one Reagan official noted. "Foreign policy is decided much the way all other policy was decided in previous administrations, with a single cabinet officer going straight to the president." According to fellow cabinet members, the most persistent end-runner of the collegial Reagan cabinet system is Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, who views his post and his status as a close personal friend of Reagan as entitling him to unique privileges. This causes consternation among his colleagues, and it may be no accident that many of the most publicized disputes in the administration involve either Weinberger or budget director Stockman, or both at the same time. Budgetary matters come in for more broadly based discussion in this administration than defense issues do, but Stockman still has more power and presidential access than most other cabinet officers.

Yet, on most of the 130 domestic issues logged in and computer-coded in the White House cabinet affairs office—from tax policy to air quality, voting rights to natural gas—members of the cabinet seem to have a full and equal opportunity to take part in policy formulation, which contributes to administration cohesion when policy actually gets decided. It also contributes to cohesion for cabinet officers to be spending so much of their time at the White House and away from their departmental offices, where their bureaucracies might otherwise get at them. Full cabinet meetings occur once a week on the average, and any single cabinet officer is likely to attend two cabinet council meetings a week in the West Wing's Roosevelt Room, and may have other sessions with the budget review group, the legislative strategy group, or other White House staff members.

From the beginning, it has been Reagan's policy—as he said on election eve—to have cabinet members be "managers of the national administration, not captives of the bureaucracy or special interests in the departments they are supposed to direct." It's clear in talking to White House staff members that taking the part of one's bureaucracy is a tainted activity. The antidote is frequent contact and "strong guidance" from the White House staff, OMB director Stockman, "occasionally the president," and other cabinet members. This is perhaps the secret of the Reagan cabinet system: unlike other administrations, which gave up on cabinet government and relied on a strong White House staff to run things, the Reagan administration has pulled the cabinet close to the White House, and kept a strong White House staff to boot.

THE CHIEF architect of the Reagan cabinet system is Meese, who adapted it from Reagan's governorship in California. (See "Officer Ed Meese," by Jeff Stein, page 21.) But Reagan's Sacramento cabinet had only six members. His Washington cabinet has 17, and it's impossible for the same kind of freewheeling discussion to go on manageably in the larger group. So the cabinet council system was concocted. In other administrations, such as Carter's, interagency policy groups were created ad hoc to study single issues, and meetings usually were attended by assistant secretaries and deputy assistant secretaries with special knowledge of the pending subject. In the Reagan administration, the cabinet officers themselves engage in debate and in option-writing for the president, though each council does have a secretariat consisting of White House staff members and subordinate department officials to do research and fine tuning. The immediate overseer of the whole cabinet process is a 30-year-old Californian, Craig L. Fuller, formerly with the public relations firm owned by White House deputy chief of staff Michael Deaver.

Reagan's personal schedule calls for him to devote

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five hours per week of formal work time to cabinet affairs. That means five hours for cabinet meetings, National Security Council meetings, cabinet-level briefings on foreign visits, budget sessions with Stockman, and conferences with individual cabinet members. Reagan rarely attends cabinet council meetings—only two or three times a month, usually when cabinet officials are hopelessly deadlocked about a policy. If this schedule seems to confirm reports that Reagan is underworked, the White House staff hastens to add that it does not include his nightly reading. The night before a cabinet meeting, for example, he will be sent a black binder containing background reports on the issues to be discussed, along with a covering memo summarizing what's to happen in the meeting. Reagan aides agree the president works a nine-to-five day in the White House West Wing, but they claim he may stay up half the night reading documents. "He'll read whatever we send him," one aide said. "One evening we sent a cabinet meeting briefing book, a foreign visit briefing book and a speech text. That was system-overload."

A KEY difference between Ronald Reagan and some of his predecessors—Carter, certainly—is that Reagan has a fixed political belief system and is not compulsive about details. He does not have to study the minutiae of a problem to discover ultimate truth; it is quite enough for him to figure out which is the best available option in the light of his ideology. And he has constructed—or had constructed for him—a governing system that suits his temperament. The model is the corporate board of directors. He is the board chairman, not the executive vice president or chief operating officer. He makes broad policy decisions among choices presented to him by his subordinates. Reportedly he is capable of rejecting the options presented to him and demanding alternatives, but he does not, apparently, stay up all night inventing new options himself. The style seems comfortable to Reagan's subordinates, since most of them are products of corporate America and used to boardroom behavior.

So the system "works." The people who use it like it. It unifies the cabinet and the White House around common purposes. There is just one troubling question: what if the policies the system produces are wrong? The White House staff says that cabinet members debate furiously with each other in cabinet council meetings and, to a lesser extent, in front of the president. But there is no evidence that cabinet members will say to Reagan: Mr. President, what you are doing is wrong and won't work. One cabinet officer, who believes that Reagan is cutting too little from the defense budget, summoned the courage to send a memo to that effect to the White House, but could not bring himself to broach it to the president himself in an open cabinet session. Instead, he joined the general chorus of praise for the Reagan policy of domestic cuts. Fortunately, Reagan pays more attention to members of Congress than some previous presidents, and they are telling him that his budget cuts won't fly. A good cabinet ought not be so unified that it can't tell him the same.

MORTON KONDRACKE

Democratic unity at the expense of policy.

ORGANIZATION MANATT

OVER the July 31 weekend, wealthy young Democrats from all over America gathered on the shores of Lake Tahoe for a political conference. The conference was billed as an expensive ($5,000 a head) crash course in party politics. Participants, newly inducted into the fledgling Lexington Group, made important political contacts with party leaders and important business contacts with one another. They also took in a little waterskiing. And baccarat. Policy questions were discreetly avoided. Amid the gaming tables and the tall Sierra pines, the participants acted out an ironic version of an old party motto: if you want to live like a Republican, vote Democratic.

The Lexington Group is one of several innovations introduced by the new Democratic National Committee chairman, Charles Manatt. Actually, the Lexington Group isn't a new Democratic idea; it's an old Republican idea, slightly modified. Before the Democrats had a Lexington Group, the Republicans had a Concord Group. Like its Democratic imitation, the Concord Group was designed to teach political skills to young professionals. But unlike the Democrats, Republicans did not limit membership to those who could pay an extravagant membership fee. And, in cultivating wealthy businessmen, the Republicans, unlike the Democrats, were addressing themselves to a constituency that had always been their own.

The Lexington Group may seem an attempt to encourage Democrats to mimic Republican strategies, but its main purpose is not to point the party in any particular direction; rather, it is to acquire bodies that will point or be pointed sometime in the future. As such, it is a triumph of form over content. The same might be said of the party's choice of Charles Manatt as its leader. Manatt, a Los Angeles lawyer and banker who most recently served as head of the party's National Finance Council, is, in the words of DNC executive director Eugene Eidenberg, "an organization man." Eidenberg doesn't use the term in a pejorative sense; it's just "a matter of personal style," he says. Manatt has had an impressive career as a technocrat. The son of an Iowa farmer, he managed to climb to the top of

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the legal and banking professions in Los Angeles. Simultaneously, he made his way up the Democratic party ladder, both nationally and in California (where he was twice chairman of the state party). There is no question about Manatt's ability to do what the Democrats hired him to do: raise money, tighten party organization, and stay neutral on the Kennedy-Mondale rivalry. But anyone looking for a party leader who can articulate a political agenda will be disappointed. Manatt is engrossed in technique, not policy. His concern is the party's body, not its soul.

DEMOCRATS, Manatt says, must start "putting in place the fundamentals that the party has neglected for the last 20 years." That means the "full development of the interrelationships now in the Democratic network." It means "a different level of outreach, a different level of involvement." It means "the marshaling of resources, technology, and talent to focus on the winning combination for winning elections." It means "people, the social aspects." It means "welding the congressional and presidential wings of the party." But when one tries to change the subject to the perplexing question of what all this scaffolding stands for, Manatt complains, "When you cut and fill and put back the fundamentals, it's not the catchy stuff the press likes to write about."

True enough. So, to be fair, one ought to note that under Manatt the Democrats are doing organizational things that they ought to have been doing all along. They have started a National Training Academy to teach campaign skills to Democrats to help them become state legislators, members of Congress, or party officials. (At the DNC meeting held in Denver last June, an embryonic version of the Training Academy drew an enormous crowd. The first full-scale meeting will be held in Des Moines over the weekend of September 26.) The Democrats have gotten serious about direct mail, setting the goal of putting four million pieces into the rank-and-filers' mail boxes by the end of 1981. Computer lists of contributors that have gone unused for years are being taken out of mothballs. Labor leaders have been brought into party councils more than ever before, giving the unions a stake in the fortunes of the party as distinct from those of any particular candidate. There is also some vigorous new leadership serving under Manatt, including Ann Lewis, a respected administrator in local and national politics (she is also a sister of Representative Barney Frank), and Eugene Eidenberg, who as President Carter's liaison to the governors and mayors ran the only fully successful division of the Carter White House.

The Democratic party does indeed seem to be more smoothly oiled than in the past. But it would be a more energetic machine if it had a purpose. In an open letter to Manatt published in the *Washington Post* shortly after he became chairman, Democratic party veteran Joseph L. Rauh Jr. correctly complained, "I cannot see what good tinkering with the chassis is going to do if the party does not have someone at the steering wheel pointing it in the right direction." Rather than meekly questioning Republican policies, Rauh argued, Democrats should work up some policies of their own. "The problem," Rauh wrote, "is not the Republicans, whose capacity to botch up the economy is unsurpassed; the problem is what the Democrats are going to do when they take over at the end of the Reagan administration." Rauh urged Manatt to emulate Paul Butler, who was DNC chairman during the Eisenhower administration. Butler, Rauh wrote, made the Democratic party "stand for something."

The comparison between Butler and Manatt is apt. During Butler's regime, Manatt got his start in the party as national committeeman for the Iowa Young Democrats and national college chairman of the Young Democrats. And Manatt has borrowed an idea that Butler tried out during the late 1950s, when Democrats were recovering from a previous presidential defeat. Butler's idea was the creation of a Democratic policy council to draft and advocate Democratic policies in *addition* to criticizing the Republicans. While congressional leaders like Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn "were trying to mute Democratic opposition to Eisenhower," Rauh wrote in the *Post*, "Butler saw that the Democratic party's positions were made clear for everyone to see." Butler's council (whose members included ambitious senators like John Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey) led to some feuding among Democrats, but it proved valuable in creating a loyal opposition which championed the civil rights cause, among others.

THE WORLD is so different 25 years later," Manatt says. "As counterdistinguished from the fights [Butler] had on the Hill, my great desire is to have the presidential wing and the congressional wing come together more, rather than be apart more." So Manatt's version, unlike Butler's, will avoid potentially divisive—that is, interesting—issues. Failing to see that the strength of Butler's council was in its creation of a rambunctious loyal opposition, Manatt has turned it into a bland agent of party unity. The word "policy" doesn't appear in the new council's title, for fear of offending congressional party leadership. Instead, it will be called the Democratic Strategy Council. By all indications, the most important strategy will be getting important Democrats to join the strategy council.

One can hardly blame Manatt for being such an impassioned advocate of friendly cooperation; it has made him what he is today. Manatt's résumé is studded with titles that attest to his ability to get along with others: Eagle Scout, student body president at Iowa State, president of Iowa Future Farmers of America, and countless Democratic party offices, both national and local. After he graduated from George

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Washington University Law School, Manatt went to work for O'Melveny and Myers, a prestigious Los Angeles law firm, but within three years he and Tom Phelps, a college friend who had succeeded Manatt as student body president, launched Manatt and Phelps, a firm specializing in banking law. The firm has been phenomenally successful, and has spawned the First Los Angeles Bank, of which Manatt is chairman of the board. "His bank clients feed his law firm," observes Marlene Marks in the *National Law Journal*, "the law firm contacts feed the Democratic Party, the Democratic Party fund-raisers often become bank stockholders who in turn become law clients. . . . Even his paralegals and legal secretaries feed into the process by banking at FLAB." Getting along has been good business, and Manatt thinks it's good politics, too. When talking, for instance, about the feeble Democratic effort to outbid the Republican budget and tax bills, Manatt isn't just polite; he's exuberant. "I'm entirely satisfied with what, under the stringency of the circumstances, Jim Jones did in that whole budget process," he says. "I think he was and is Captain Courageous."

MANATT may sound like an enthusiastic camper when promoting party unity, but he is disconcertingly vague on the question of what Democrats should advocate. Should Democrats continue to favor the Davis-Bacon Act, which protects the high wages of building trades unions at the cost of higher inflation? "As far as a detailed analysis of the Davis-Bacon, I would obviously need to review it." What about tax breaks for independent oil companies, which, as Michael Kinsley has pointed out in these pages ("Pelf and Petroleum," TNR, June 13), are based on the absurd notion that the owners of these companies are needy? "We keep reading about all these great oil things," Manatt says. "Well, it's royalty owners and stripper wells. I'm not sure if press writers understand the difference between that and thousand-barrel-a-day oil companies." Does that mean he favors the tax break included in the 1982 budget? "No, no," Manatt protests, "I'm just using that as an example. I'm not commenting on that." What about the air traffic controller strike? "The National Democratic party isn't going to have a stand on any particular labor strike."

There's nothing inherently wrong with building a consensus. What is harder, and more useful, is building a consensus *for* something. The success of the Republicans in the last election probably had less to do with their sense of unity than with their sense of identity. At the National Training Academy, Democratic officeholders will lecture on "Democratic themes." The sooner the party as a whole establishes what those themes are, and the sooner Charles Manatt starts articulating them, the better.

TIMOTHY NOAH

A program for Solidarity Day.

WAGE RESTRAINT PRO QUO

THE AFL-CIO'S "Damage Report" on the Reagan administration, which set the theme for the Solidarity Day protest in Washington on September 19, is in some ways a moving document. So was Solidarity Day itself and so was Lane Kirkland's Labor Day message. The unions see 50 years of progress suddenly reversed. The Reagan administration has wielded the budget ax against some of the unions' most cherished programs. Social Security, Medicare, unemployment insurance, food stamps, trade adjustment assistance, federal pay increases, the Comprehensive Employment and Training program, and education have felt the change. Much of labor's indictment rings true, but if you were looking for a new liberal program in the Solidarity Day activities, you will not find it.

Solidarity Day brought together about 200 labor allies from numerous civil rights and religious groups and special interest organizations to call for restoration: restoration of dozens of Reagan budget cuts and restoration of almost 20 Reagan tax cuts to pay for them. Does labor expect the Democrats and liberals to run on such a platform in 1982 and 1984? It would appear that they do. Solidarity Day's sponsors seemed to assume that the harmful consequences of Reaganomics will be enough to bring liberalism back to power, and that the programs of the 1960s and 1970s can be sold again as solutions to the country's problems.

But the restoration is not a program liberals can run on or govern well on if they win. The "targeted" relief programs Solidarity Day honored so vehemently, even taken together, cannot lift the whole economy and bring the middle class to our side. If restoration is not a program for the 1980s, what is? The labor movement should have urged a basic three-point program on Solidarity Day. First, accelerated public investment to rebuild the nation's deteriorating infrastructure. Second, a much easier monetary policy to lower interest rates. And third, a willingness to ease greatly wage demands to stop inflation—particularly where high wage settlements have made industries noncompetitive, as in autos, railroads, and steel—thereby making the first two points possible. To deal effectively with inflation, union and liberal leaders should begin a major effort to convince working people that wage restraint is the price that can and should be paid in labor's own interest to end the starvation of public services and the economic strangulation and unemployment caused by tight budgetary and money policies.

Making the so far unwarranted assumption that working people, if correctly informed by their leaders,

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would support a reasonable wage policy to get the economy expanding again, liberal and labor leaders should want to spend taxpayers' money primarily for what taxpayers have always expected it to be spent for: decent public services and facilities. A recent study by the Department of Commerce shows that since 1968 annual public works investment has declined by almost 30 percent in constant dollars, while the population grew about 10 percent. The decline of public works investment by federal, state, and local government in the last decade is in sharp contrast to the rapid growth of public welfare expenditures, which taxpayers do not like.

STREETS, roads and highways, waterways, the freight rail system, parks and playgrounds, schools, water and irrigation systems, and public transit and public energy facilities need to be maintained and improved through public investment. Although such investments have always been seen to some extent as pork barrels, these facilities nevertheless were among the priorities of earlier Americans who cared a great deal about how their tax money was spent. Public services can be financed responsibly by government at all levels with borrowed money and provision for sinking funds. Investment will create new jobs and even new industries, increase the efficiency of the economy, improve living standards, and be more popular than social welfare programs with the middle-class electorate.

Labor and liberal leaders ought to attack the administration sharply for cutting billions of dollars out of public works spending, and for having no plan to expand and rebuild in this area. David Stockman's tight budget and Federal Reserve Board Chairman Paul Volcker's tight money speed the deterioration of public facilities and public services, ostensibly to fight inflation. Someone pays for this false economy: the trucker who cannot carry a full cargo over damaged streets, the family that feels compelled to spend thousands each year to send children to private schools, the business that has to build parking space for employees who can no longer travel by mass transit.

American public facilities and public services are a scandal. In Denmark you can set your watch by the buses, to say nothing of the trains. There are more potholes in 50 yards of the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway or in any affluent Washington side street than you will see in a day in several European countries. Libraries are run down and operate on short hours. Water shortages threaten. The Reagan administration is making a great mistake in leaving America unemployed when so much of the public infrastructure needs to be built and rebuilt. Sound public policy and sound politics for Democrats and liberals is to call for the rebuilding of America's public plant, the foundation of a healthy private economy and a decent standard of living.

Hard money and skyrocketing interest rates are the Achilles' heel of the Reagan program. They punish small business, farmers, the housing industry, and middle-class America generally. Labor and liberal leaders know this, but in their hearts they seem to care more about the budget programs. The issues raised at Solidarity Day bury interest rates among dozens of lower priority issues. But support for easier money is part of a basic—and correct—liberal tradition going back to Jacksonian opposition to the credit crunch engineered by the Bank of the United States in 1818. That crunch caused such widespread economic hardship that ever after Jacksonians were enemies of the bank, which they eventually (and happily) destroyed.

In the same vein, liberal farm, labor, and small business interests opposed conservatives who engineered the deliberate and painful contraction of the money supply after the Civil War, which led to five years of depression after 1873. The same liberal constituency rightly opposed conservative insistence on hard money and on the gold standard, which helped bring on the Panic of 1893 and the four years of depression which followed. Even monetarist prophet Milton Friedman notes that "deliberate act[s] of policy" by the Federal Reserve Board in curtailing bank credit in 1920-21 and 1929-31 first created unnecessary unemployment, and then lengthened and worsened the Great Depression. "Professional economists," he writes, "as well as others viewed the depression as a desirable and necessary economic development . . . [and] took for granted that the appropriate cure was belt tightening by both individuals and the government. [They] interpreted monetary changes as an incidental result rather than a contributing cause [of the problem]." Given the history of its failures, the resurgence of restrictive monetary policies in the United States—and indeed the dominance of this economic doctrine throughout the world—it is an intellectual miracle. The strength of tight-money pieties even among Democrats makes the 1980s reminiscent of the 1880s, when Grover Cleveland Democrats and Wall Street Republicans were indistinguishable.

WHY DID the organizers of Solidarity Day bury the interest rate issue and public investment among so many lesser issues? The answer is probably that a credible labor attack on the tight-budget/tight-money nonsolution to inflation would require the unions to offer the quid pro quo that only they can: a promise of wage restraint to get inflation down. Labor may call for easier credit and more generous treatment of the poor in the budget; but it must look to itself and within itself for the one deal that can cut inflation while making faster growth possible again.

Democratic leaders and perhaps even Republicans could take their cue from labor on this issue. If labor would offer restraint, the Democrats might well cut a

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deal for some of the things labor wants, but so far such a radical change of approach seems far from labor's mind, and it is a politically difficult position for politicians to take on their own. I was scolded once by a Democratic politician for suggesting that in a speech to a rail union audience he add a paragraph that railroad workers covered by the Railroad Retirement Act were doing better than Social Security recipients. For years Democrats have been telling labor under any circumstances that it is not getting enough. So politicians are unlikely to take the initiative. The labor movement needs the kind of leadership that is willing to tell a labor audience that the country can have full employment and easier money again only if working people take the first step to control inflation by cutting wage demands drastically. Slower price increases will follow, but they will not lead unless there is a serious depression, which is not in labor's interest.

SOLIDARITY DAY fell into another trap of the 1970s. Liberal and labor leaders have developed the habit of attacking shared scapegoats, rather than facing the facts about issues like inflation and energy. No speech by a host of Democrat and labor leaders is complete without some reflexive slap at the oil companies (and Solidarity Day is no exception). It is hard to believe that these leaders really think that the oil industry is the cause of inflation, high interest rates, unemployment, and probably prostitution and bad weather. But as one Democratic National Committee staffer said, "Shouldn't we be allowed a few cheap shots?" A few, perhaps, but not when "cheap shots" become the stock answer to every serious problem.

What should be the focus of the next Solidarity Day? It should be that economic growth and renewal are more important to the interests of working people and the poor than relief programs targeted to specific client groups. Liberals should be arguing that the best way for the government to help the poor is to invest in the public infrastructure of the country. They should be battling with some sense of priority against high interest rates which stunt growth without achieving any useful public purpose.

Solidarity Day organizers should be ready to concede that there will be no government stimulation of growth or needed relief programs without an unprecedented effort to educate rank-and-file working people about the need for wage restraint. Union leaders long allied with the Democrats have to choose between more self-restraint in the wage area and Republican efforts to force down wages and inflation through recession and tight money. There was no indication at Solidarity Day of any inclination among labor's leaders to face up to such trade-offs.

PAUL A. LONDON

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Slowly, the soldiers prepare to return to their barracks.

TURKEY'S MILITARY INTERLUDE

BY BARRY RUBIN

Ankara

JUST ACROSS the aisle from a display of captured Greek Cypriot weapons and a flag from "the former Republic of Cyprus," the Turkish Military Museum here features an exhibit on "Presidents of the Turkish Republic with Military Backgrounds." Almost every chief executive in the 60 years since the republic was established by generals Kemal Atatürk and Ismet Inönü is pictured. The message for museumgoers, including dozens of Turkish soldiers, is that a close identification between the armed forces and the national government is historically normal.

A little more than a year ago, the Turkish military took power from a floundering civilian regime for the third time in two decades. Few Turks doubt that the country was saved thereby from complete breakdown and civil war. One of the bloodiest terrorist plagues anywhere in modern history—with dozens of casualties daily, political paralysis, and a near economic breakdown—had seemed on the point of turning Turkey into another Lebanon. Because the armed forces waited long enough for most civilians to grow weary of the drift and disaster facing the country, the coup was a popular move.

Given Turkey's past experience, most citizens genuinely accept the army as the guardian of democracy, in sharp contrast to the far different patterns in Latin America and in the Arab world. When the country virtually collapsed in World War I, with catastrophic casualties from battle, starvation, and disease, the military pulled Turkey together again and threw out the European powers who sought to carve it up. Under the leadership of Kemal Atatürk, whose birth centennial is being celebrated this year, the regime shed its uniforms and gradually initiated democratic reforms. Despite Atatürk's dictatorial proclivities, his paternalistic practices, and his Lenin-like cult of personality (even his handkerchiefs and custom-made shirts are preserved in museums), his rule was comparatively benign.

After all, electoral politics, civil liberties, a moderate and nonaggressive nationalism, secularism, and a national industrial base were the gifts, not the victims, of the military establishment. This time, as long as the officers do not outstay their welcome, their reputation is likely to remain intact. Most observers expect the electoral process to be restored under a new constitution by the spring of 1983. In the coming months it should become clear whether the generals' restructuring process has worked or whether the country will return to the brink of disintegration.

On the two previous occasions when collapse threatened, the officers had undertaken an effort for "forced reform." The army first took charge in 1960, after the decade-long conservative government of Prime Minister Adnan Menderes began to show signs of reducing freedoms and wielding Islam as a political weapon. After 17 months of military control and long trials of government officials, culminating in Menderes's execution, the soldiers returned to their barracks. In 1971, after leftist terrorists began to get out of hand, the armed forces intervened a second time with a tough policy under a new civilian prime minister.

Turkey's army was shaped by the Atatürk tradition and by the belief that a European orientation was necessary both to modernize the country and to stave off the threat of Soviet expansionism. The latter threat was repeatedly impressed on Turkey during and after World War II by Moscow's threats and hostility. As guardian of the strategic Dardanelles and Bosporus straits, which connect the USSR's southern Black Sea shore with the Mediterranean, Turkey occupies a particularly important position at NATO's eastern end. This waterway runs through the heart of Istanbul and separates its European and Asiatic districts by a barrier so narrow it can be crossed by a ten-minute ferry ride. For decades, Turkey's mountains, along with those of Iran, blocked Soviet expansion toward the oil fields and crossroads to the south.

The economic strain of defending Turkey's independence has never been a light burden: at one time or another 12.3 percent of Turks serve in the military, a figure far higher than that of most NATO countries. If Atatürkism led Turkey to imitate Europe, the stra-

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tegic situation led it to side with the West in the cold war. General Kenan Evren, who heads the governing five-man National Security Committee today, led Turkish forces in the Korean War.

Turkey has always been eager for Western acceptance, and its sensitive feelings have often been bruised by signs of rejection. The Turks are constantly on the watch for slights and are painfully aware of their 19th-century reputation for violence and cruelty. Indeed, one of the more unpleasant aspects of the Turkish historical self-image is a total unwillingness to admit responsibility for the massacre of hundreds of thousands of Armenians during World War I.

Last summer, when there were reports that a section of the Holocaust Museum planned for Washington, DC, would be dedicated to Armenian sufferings, the Turkish response was anger. This blind spot is partly a function of indigestion over the assassination of Turkish diplomats by Armenian terrorists in recent years, but there is also a strong element of simple psychological denial. And when a Turkish terrorist tries to assassinate the pope or when European Socialists describe the current military government as "fascist," it stirs deep reservoirs of Turkish pain and pride.

MAP BY KENNETH GRADY FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

In recent years, though, Turkey's image has been far more damaged by the problems of large-scale terrorism, political continuity, and financial debt. During the two years leading up to the military takeover, about 5,000 people were killed by left- and right-wing terrorists. The leftist groups, belonging to a bewildering and ever-changing variety of small groups, and the rightists, usually associated with the fascist-style National Action party, operated so brazenly that they were sometimes better equipped than the army. The country was so fragmented that even the police were polarized into left- and right-wing associations.

Tracing the sources of these arms leads into some complex international connections. Clearly, much equipment was purchased via circuitous routes on the international arms market. Some was provided by both sides in Lebanon. Other materiel was brought in through Bulgaria—obviously with the knowledge of that Communist government—and from Syria into Turkey's southeast Kurdish districts. There is some evidence of Soviet assistance and PLO training for the leftists, though the former link is hard to prove.

The causes of terrorism, however, are overwhelmingly domestic. One source lies in the massive immigration from country to city and the accompanying social dislocation. Although links to the village remain strong and newcomers have a keen entrepreneurial sense, hundreds of bored, idle young men find answers, meaning, and discipline in the extremist political clubs. Whether a given individual joins the left or right is largely a matter of accident. A million students apply for Turkey's 130,000 university places. Many activists were drawn from the unlucky applicants. But even in the underequipped universities, some students would gravitate to the coffeehouses and low-cost dining halls maintained by the competing political groups. These places often become targets for rivals.

Even selective martial law in several provinces did not slow down the spreading violence. Every day newspapers featured gory photos of victims, magnifying the intimidation. Normal life was paralyzed. Popular public figures were slain. Disgust grew both for the extremists, who never had more than a small number of supporters, and for the ineffectual governments.

From 1971 on, Turkey had a different government virtually every year. The two major parties, the social-democratic Republican People's party and the conservative Justice party, were divided by bitter hatred, but neither could gain a clear parliamentary majority. The balance was held by the Islamic fundamentalist National Salvation party and by the National Action party. The result was paralysis and constant govern-

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ment crisis. The NAP and NSP preached unhindered for revolution. An NSP rally in Konya, the country's religious center, calling for an Islamic state was one of the main incentives for military intervention.

Turkey succeeded in modernizing itself where Iran failed partly because of a lack of destabilizing oil wealth. But relative poverty has its disadvantages, too. Despite the money sent home by hundreds of thousands of Turkish workers in Western Europe, the balance of payments continued to worsen. Bad management led to huge debts. Turkey could barely cover rising oil costs with its total export earnings. Atatürk's self-reliance policy produced inefficient state companies which devoured large sums of badly needed capital. Inflation and unemployment accelerated and economic growth stopped.

Turkey's problems with terrorism, political structure, and economics have not disappeared now, but urban attacks have sharply declined. Tens of thousands of extremists and sympathizers have been arrested. Some have been tortured, though low-ranking officers are occasionally arrested for such actions and the number of abuses has been relatively low. Given the country's earlier sufferings and the perceived temporary nature of military rule, most Turks have accepted the repression without resentment.

THE GREATEST domestic complaints are against the regime's austerity measures and its Friedman-style economic program. The International Monetary Fund has worked to reschedule Turkey's $3.2 billion debt, but Ankara's poor financial shape limits its options. Life is hard and inflation is still steep. The leading trade union federation has attacked wage controls and has called for a restoration of union negotiating rights. The electricity situation has improved but there are still blackouts for two hours a day. And in Turkey, Turkish coffee is impossible to find.

There are signs, though, that the governing NSC is beginning to move toward an intelligent new economic strategy which might also have important political implications. Turkey's strengths lie in agriculture and in construction resources. The obvious market is the Arab world, and many contracts have been signed for sending Turkish wheat, fruit, vegetables, cement, and skilled engineers and builders to oil-producing countries from Libya to the Persian Gulf. Ankara also seeks Arab aid and investment from Kuwait and Saudi Arabia.

Iraq is the country's leading trade partner, replacing West Germany, and Turkish companies claim seven billion dollars in contracts with the Arab world. About 200,000 Turkish workers are expected to find jobs there. Good relations have been maintained even with neighboring Iran. The only exception to this general success has been Syria, the USSR's closest ally in the Arab world, which helped supply antigovernment Kurdish groups in southeast Turkey. Damascus is also irritated about a projected Turkish hydroelectric dam which threatens to reduce the flow of the Euphrates River into Syria.

Turkey's new Arab links have led to some hardening toward Israel; the PLO has been allowed to open an office in Ankara with diplomatic status. The Turkish government is particularly nervous about US policy in the region. Rumors abound that Turkey will be asked to join some new US-organized regional defense pact (unlikely) or to help with facilities for the American Rapid Deployment Force.

Turkey's newfound third world orientation and opening to the Eastern bloc, with which trade is sharply up, does not mean that US-Turkish relations are suffering. On the contrary, there are few current problems between the two countries with the signing of a base agreement last year and with the removal of US pressure over Cyprus. Yet Washington probably cannot count on Ankara for much help in any activist policy toward the gulf. Turkey will play it safe and try to stay on good terms with everyone.

This month the NSC convenes a 165-member constituent assembly, with membership carefully selected by itself or by provincial governors. Activists in the old political parties will not be permitted to participate. A 15-member committee will be elected to draft a new constitution aimed at avoiding the factors that led to the last breakdown. The electoral structure will probably be designed to provide for a two-party system, eliminating the NSP and NAP, with one side able to form a clear majority. The political leadership of the 1970s will be excluded but there are plenty of others eager to take their places. One controversial NSC proposal would limit religious instructions to state schools. While on the surface this violates Atatürk's secularism, it is intended to undercut the power of fundamentalist-minded mullahs.

The assembly's product, closely guided by the NSC, will probably be put to a referendum next year. The real question will be whether the patch-up job will hold as the military loosens controls. Even another decade of social peace followed by another crisis—the pattern the last two times—would be greeted with relief by most Turks after the nightmare of the last few years.

COMING

Robert Coles

On Belfast's Children.

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The forgotten side of the 1960s comes to the White House.

Officer Ed Meese

By Jeff Stein

BY THE 1960s, confounding Gertrude Stein, there was a "there" in Oakland, California. It was a vast, steaming ghetto; Black Panthers and violent rebellion; Bobby Seale and Huey Newton; the outlaw Hell's Angels; the hippies and the radicals on Telegraph Avenue. Edwin Meese III, a young deputy district attorney, lived in Oakland then too. But his was a different city and a different decade. Meese's neighborhood was the Oakland of the East Bay Hills, the placid part of town where the postman watched the family grow and the house add a wing, where the kids left their bikes outside all night. It was an Oakland that seemed carved out of Wisconsin and plunked down on the hills above the San Francisco Bay. In the popular chronicles of the 1960s, that Oakland plays only a cameo role. The books and articles and movies recall the Panthers, the free speech movement, People's Park, acid, sex, and Country Joe and the Fish—a time of protest and experimentation, draft resisters and apocalyptic fantasy. But it is Ed Meese—along with the other cops, prosecutors, and California law enforcement planners who worked the forgotten side of the 1960s—who is in the White House today.

Like the Reagan presidency, the Reagan governorship cut social welfare budgets, attacked legal services, and adopted strong law-and-order rhetoric and programs. And because the political landscape has been relatively serene for the past half-decade, it is sometimes assumed—especially in Washington—that campus protest, labor unrest, and race riots have permanently gone, never to return. Yet the potential for unrest exists. The introduction of only a handful of American advisers into El Salvador brought 100,000 demonstrators into the streets last May. A quarter of a million turned out for the Solidarity Day march on September 19. There is widespread sentiment for a new draft as the Reagan military commitment deepens. There is muted support for internal security investigations and covert action from within the Republican party. The first round of budget cuts, along with rises in fuel prices, inflation, interest rates, and unemployment in the industrial north, could result in social upheavals and a higher crime rate. How would the Reagan administration handle it? The outlines of a presidential program for combating crime are only just beginning to emerge, but the record of the governorship provides a wealth of clues for the future.

It was Meese's record for prosecuting pot smokers and student protesters around Berkeley that brought him to the attention of Governor Reagan. It was Meese who dealt most directly with the riots and protest that shook California in the 1960s and 1970s and who helped the state develop an enormous law-enforcement establishment. And it is Meese who will be charged with developing a similar national program for the 1980s. "You always have to view Ed in the context of his father, who fits the classic image of the public servant," said Robert Wallach, a close Meese friend and San Francisco attorney. "I think Ed's attitude toward criminal justice is rooted in a sense of orderliness about society. He really believes in what we cynically call the basic American values. The Meeses are a very simple family in the sense of their material wants. They say grace before every meal. They're the prototype of the Norman Rockwell America."

The Meese name was well known in Oakland long before young Ed became a prosecutor. His paternal grandfather was an Oakland city councilman and treasurer. His father was Alameda County's treasurer and tax collector for a quarter-century. And before he married her, Ursula Herrick Meese had been a probation officer. Her father was an Oakland postmaster. "Finding someone around here who doesn't like Ed Meese," a senior California police officer told me with a laugh, "must be like trying to find a four-year-old who doesn't like Santa Claus." Even Jerry Brown's aides were astonished at the reputation Meese left behind in Sacramento, where he was a senior Reagan aide beginning in 1969. "It's funny," said one, a former antiwar activist. "After seven years, I'm sure the head of this department doesn't know the name of a single secretary. But Meese made sure he knew them all. And they remember it. They still love him."

Most people described Meese as a cool, professional conciliator. "If he had a temper, I never really saw it," said California deputy attorney general Roger Ventura. Other law enforcement officials gushed about Meese. "A renaissance man," Bill Medigovitch, a California intelligence specialist, called him. "It was like he was earmarked for destiny." Under Meese's direction,

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California gobbled up millions of dollars in Nixon-era "crime-fighting" funds. "To this day," Medigovitch said, "we owe him a great deal. We have radios and equipment the state ordinarily wouldn't have, and an ability to communicate tactically."

"I intensely respected Meese," said Charles Gaines, well known as the liberal police chief of Oakland and, later, San Francisco. "Philosophically, we're in different camps, there's no doubt about that. But what disturbs me now is that he is in such a high office, and when he speaks one might assume he is speaking Reagan's philosophy. Now, what does that portend for the future? I don't want to see the exclusionary rule done away with. I don't want to see the ACLU done away with. If anything, they're going to be more needed in the future." Indeed, Meese has already rung a few bells to alarm civil libertarians. In an address to a police convention in California last May, he labeled the American Civil Liberties Union "a criminals' lobby." He favors abolition of the exclusionary rule, which forbids the use of illegally obtained evidence in court. He is for preventive detention, against lawyers and judges who "deliberately and definitely thwart" police. There is little new here. Meese has held these positions for 20 years. "He's a former attorney with strong feelings about law and order," former Nixon aide Herbert Klein, now editor of the *San Diego Union*, told me.

Gaines's respect for Meese emerged from the working relationship they established during antiwar demonstrations aimed at closing access to the Oakland Army base. Gaines—and others—remember heated strategy sessions in which cops and other law enforcement personnel vented their outrage at students who were challenging the war effort. To them, it was a battle of patriots against traitors. But Meese firmly reminded the rank and file that the role of the police in controlling demonstrations must be limited strictly to enforcing the law, and that passions over the war issue had best be kept in check.

SUCH COOLNESS in the kitchen may have come from Meese's longstanding interest in controlling civil disorder. After graduating from Yale in 1953, he joined the Army and was assigned to an artillery unit in Oklahoma. Soon, as a lieutenant, he joined an intelligence unit, beginning a more than 20-year association with military intelligence. When Meese entered law school a few miles up Telegraph Avenue in then-placid Berkeley, he joined a reserve intelligence unit and remained active in it until late last spring. Eventually, Meese attained the rank of lieutenant colonel.

Robert Wallach was a classmate, friend, and moot court team colleague of Meese's. "Law school was not his first priority," Wallach said. "We all knew he was a very bright guy, but he didn't seem to have the same sense of intensity about law school as the rest of us. First, it's not Ed's temperament to be intense about anything. But beyond that, I think Ed viewed the law as a vehicle for entering the criminal justice area." Meese seemed to spend most of his time on reserve-related issues. "I enjoyed it," Meese told Connie Bruck of the *American Lawyer* last February. "It was fascinating to me. Some people have other hobbies. That was one of mine." He also collected toy pigs. Today toy police cars are displayed on the living room mantle of his house in McLean, Virginia.

As deputy district attorney, Meese was a cop's kind of prosecutor, a Kojak-in-the-courtroom who liked to ride the city streets at night in a squad car. He often stopped to gather intelligence or to give pep talks to police patrolling the ghettos of east and west Oakland. In the prosecutor's office, Meese developed a reputation as steady, quiet, and fair—unconcerned with making headlines. He was comfortable with the hushed, corporate style of the Reagan governorship. He signed on as extradition and clemency secretary, and quietly turned that minor position into a base for a law-enforcement empire.

BUT THE ROAD from Oakland to Sacramento had first passed through Berkeley. By the time the free speech movement exploded in 1964, Meese had started to spend an increasing amount of time in Sacramento as a lobbyist for the California District Attorneys and Peace Officers Association, pressing for harsh penalties for drug dealers and elimination of the exclusionary law. From Oakland, he watched the student protest movement gain momentum. Around the same time, attorney Robert Treuhaft received a call from Mario Savio to represent the students. Meese and another deputy DA, Lowell Jensen (now head of the Justice Department's Criminal Division), arrived. According to Treuhaft, "Meese called Governor [Pat] Brown—they were fed up with [university president] Clark Kerr—and said the situation is out of control and we can't be responsible. And they asked for the National Guard. I was just talking to them on a friendly basis, and then I started to leave. And as I passed the press office, I saw that the sheriff of the county was having a press conference. I heard Meese say from behind me, 'Sheriff, there's somebody here who's not a member of the press.' So I said to him, 'That makes three of us.' But he was not amused. They pushed me into the office and handcuffed my arms behind me. There hadn't been any arrests until then. And Meese was the one who said to the sheriff: 'Arrest him.'" Treuhaft says he was taken to jail, charged with trespassing and disorderly conduct, and denied bail. "I had an impression," he recalled, "of ice water in his veins."

"Meese came to Reagan's attention when he was prosecuting Berkeley students and pot smokers and putting radicals in jail," said Gordon Brownell, a former Nixon White House staffer and campaign aide to Reagan. Herbert Ellingwood, who is now a Reagan White House counsel, told Connie Bruck, "Reagan . . . really wanted to do something about the college prob-

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lems and the drugs." A former California Department of Justice intelligence officer who worked closely with Meese said that accurate intelligence was his prime tool: "He's a crisis man—he never seems to perspire." Reports from informants would be passed to Meese from various police agencies, then on to Governor Reagan. "Ed's primary responsibility was to keep the governor informed," he explained. Timely intelligence enabled Meese to implement the tactic of identifying protest leaders and removing them from the scene. During draft board demonstrations in the Bay Area, the former intelligence officer, now a southern California prosecutor said, "Ed devised a plan . . . to develop a prosecutable case against those who were committing the violence, particularly the leaders. . . . In the midst of the riots, these people would be arrested and snatched right out from their friends, and nobody knew why. It would have a demoralizing effect and bring things to a screeching halt."

DRAWING OF ED MEESE BY ALLEN CARROLL

The strategy was used successfully against antiwar demonstrators at San Francisco State University. "Ed came down the day after [S.I.] Hiyakawa [president of San Francisco State, now US senator] was appointed, and we revised the draft board plan. We identified 17 people in the commission of various crimes. We went down to the DA's office and signed the complaints and over the next few weeks arrested all of those people. Eventually, 15 were convicted. But the point is that within a week, that school had settled down, and it was primarily Ed's direction on how to handle this thing, and it went like clockwork. I had argued that we arrest them en masse, but Ed pointed out that that would only escalate the situation, and he was right."

As Reagan's chief of staff, Meese fueled the state's crime programs with millions of dollars from the Nixon administration's Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. He also mapped out welfare cuts and the campaign to truncate legal services for the poor. The attack on legal aid began with Reagan's 1970 veto attempt to seize control of the budget of the California Rural Legal Assistance program. Two years before, the federal Legal Services Corporation had named its California branch the nation's "outstanding legal services program." To the Reagan team, then as now, it was a hotbed of publicly funded social agitation. They named Lewis Uhler, a former state public relations director for the John Birch Society, to ride herd on it. Uhler hired a staff of former CIA, FBI, and police officers, who wrote a report charging CRLA lawyers with fomenting violence and racial unrest in California schools and prisons. Frank Carlucci, then head of the Office of Economic Opportunity, and now deputy secretary of defense, appointed a committee which evaluated the Uhler report as "totally irresponsible," and found that CRLA had acted in good faith and in its clients' interests. Bob Gnaizda, then a CRLA attorney struggling with the Reagan team, said, "If any one person in the Ronald Reagan administration should be credited with the attack on legal services, it's Ed Meese."

On February 10, 1969, Governor Reagan stepped to a podium and set the customary pile of index cards before him. In the rows below were 500 military and civilian officials, including members of the California National Guard, the California Highway Patrol, town and city police officers, commanders from the Sixth US Army headquarters in San Francisco, and high-

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ranking utility executives. Reagan joked that if his political enemies could see him now, they'd think he "was planning a military takeover." To those who got wind of it six years later during the Church committee investigations, it seemed that way. Reagan was addressing a closed strategy session for "Operation Garden Plot," a federal plan for martial law in case of civil disorders. The California version was code-named "Cable Splicer." Paper war games were carried out under the names "Quiet Town" and "Gram Metric." The plans, kept tightly under wrap, called for military occupation of cities and towns and the neutralization of "dissident elements," which included "civil rights movements," "anti-Vietnam-antidraft movements," and "subversive conspiratorial aspects."

Reagan wound up his 1969 speech by noting that the plans were part of a "6,000-year history of man pushing the jungle back, creating a clearing where men can live in peace and go about their business with some measure of safety. . . . Of late, the jungle has been creeping in again a little closer to our boundaries." Two years later, the planning group met again in Sacramento and Reagan opened with another jest: "I don't exactly know whether to say I am meeting here with you, greeting you as a convention—or whether we are engaged in a criminal conspiracy."

Governor Reagan's lighthearted remarks masked a serious commitment to "big government" when it came to law enforcement. When Meese was elevated to chief of staff in 1969, he chose Herbert Ellingwood, a fundamentalist Christian and old friend, to succeed him as legal affairs secretary. Meese and Ellingwood then established the Office of Criminal Justice Planning to funnel federal law-enforcement funds into the state. "OCJP," said former legislative analyst Alan Post, "became a grab bag for every sheriff." Another top official adds, "It had a religious flavor to it." By 1974 the OCJP was employing 230 crime-fighting bureaucrats in "Project Safer California." Two million dollars was spent on the initial "goals and standards" study alone. And $60 million was spent in a single year on helicopters, mace, special helmets, and other hardware. Special schools were established offering advanced courses in terrorism, drawing police from all over the US, Canada, and Mexico. This expensive effort did little to prevent crime. When Jerry Brown became governor in 1976, one of his first acts was to cut the OCJP's staff to fewer than 50. The LEAA itself was finally abolished during the Carter administration.

INTERNATIONAL terrorism still fascinates many in the Reagan camp as a challenge to domestic tranquility, although cooler heads, including that of FBI director William Webster, dismiss it as a significant factor in domestic law enforcement planning. Nevertheless, a number of Republicans say action is needed against American radical terrorists. In a 1979 Republican National Committee study paper, Richard Allen, now the president's national security adviser, recommended the creation of a new joint FBI-CIA task force on domestic terrorism. According to FBI sources, Meese himself has unsuccessfully lobbied Webster to put aside the white-collar crime focus of the Carter years and devote more attention to both terrorism and street crime.

An intimate friend of Meese disputes the notion that Meese wants to start harassing radicals. "That is not true," the man said emphatically. "I know his attitude on the subject. I know that he does not favor the resumption of McCarthyism or the House Un-American Activities Committee." During the transition period, the friend says, Meese really wanted to be director of the FBI. The only other job that appealed to Meese, he said, was secretary of defense.

MEESE has brought in one of his partners in California crime-fighting, Louis Giufreda, to run the Federal Emergency Management Agency. Giufreda is a senior California National Guard officer. He headed the school that specialized in antiterrorism courses during the Reagan governorship, the California Specialized Training Institute, in San Luis Obispo. Although FEMA is chartered only to cope with floods, nuclear civil defense, and the like, Giufreda retains his interest in terrorism. According to sources in the FBI, Giufreda and other new FEMA officials have been lobbying the White House and Congress for "an alternate force" to deal with terrorism, using examples such as the assassination of an Iranian dissident in the Washington suburbs last year, and even the attack on Reagan himself, to argue that the Secret Service and the FBI cannot do the job by themselves. The FBI, they say, has been paralyzed with guidelines. In the face of FBI statistics showing a drop in terrorism, the lobbyists, according to one Justice Department official, are doing "a quietly effective job" of convincing those who will listen that the Soviets have made important inroads among US radicals.

Under Giufreda's stewardship, FEMA has just established a new department, the Disorder Consequences Division, whose function has yet to be clearly defined. The National Firefighters Academy, in rural Emmitsburg, Maryland, has been quietly selected as the site for a new Emergency Training Center. Fred J. Villella, a former chief of the "Academic Division" of the California Specialized Training Institute, has been chosen to run it.

The Reagan governorship escaped the kind of blistering scrutiny that was directed at the Nixon White House over intelligence gathering. But beginning in 1970 (and perhaps earlier), Reagan got weekly intelligence reports on activists such as Tom Hayden, Jane Fonda, and Joan Baez, and groups such as Amnesty International, the Black Panthers, and the Jewish Defense League. The reports were generated by then-

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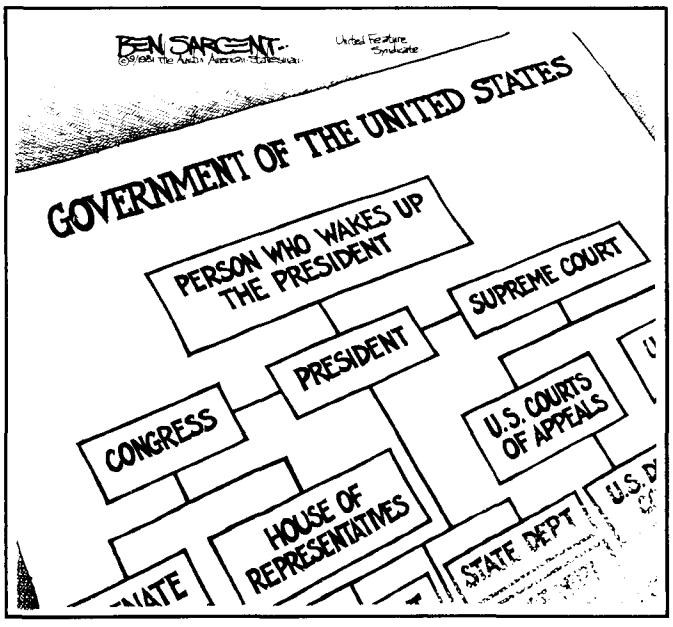
attorney general Evelle Younger's Organized Crime and Criminal Intelligence Branch to some 44 top aides and law enforcement officials in the Reagan team. Rumors of the intelligence gathering persisted for years while top officials denied them.

During the Reagan governorship, the OCCIB also became the hub of an unofficial network of local police and intelligence agents across the country known as the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit, in which Meese played an active role. Founded in 1956, the LEIU from the beginning secretly gathered and exchanged information on civil rights, antiwar, and antinuclear activists. Utility companies also received the information, which was processed through a federally supported computer in East Lansing, Michigan. The OCCIB gave it financial support, with money budgeted for "printing LEIU cards, intelligence bulletins, and records," according to a 1972 internal funding report. Yet through the years, top LEIU officials denied the existence of political intelligence gathering. In 1976 Younger stated: "The department does not keep any files for political purposes"; and no official contradicted him.

At the end of Reagan's governorship, Meese briefly joined Rohr Industries, a northern California firm which built equipment for the San Francisco and Washington subways, as vice president for administration. But he soon returned to his home in La Mesa, California, to practice law and teach at the University of San Diego, a conservative Catholic school. There, with financial contributions from Richard Mellon Scaife and other conservative givers, he helped establish the Center for Criminal Justice Policy and Management, and became its director. Soon after he entered the White House, Meese returned to San Diego for a colloquium on "The Responsibility of Government" at the law school. He was asked: "How do you define the legitimate role of government in today's society?" He replied:

> I think one of the things that governments historically, going back to the earliest civilizations, have been established to do is to protect the people from those among them who would hurt others or exercise their depredations on others, and also to protect them from external threats—other countries who might seek to invade or otherwise try to work their will upon a peaceful world. And I think this is something that I think we forget. We are so interested in government doing a lot of things that government was never intended to do, you forget about its first responsibility to protect the public. And I think that is where a lot of the orientation about the future really needs to be.



DRAWING BY BEN SARGENT

Meese's summary of the things government has a duty to do is all right as far as it goes, but it is extraordinarily limited. It recalls two of the admonitions of the Preamble to the Constitution: to ensure domestic tranquility and to provide for the common defense. But it leaves out the others: to establish justice, promote the general welfare, and "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." It is the summary of a cop or a soldier, not of a statesman.

Last January, Meese assured the Heritage Foundation, a conservative think tank, that he would "rely heavily" on a report it had submitted to the new administration recommending that the government and Congress be "unleashed" to investigate "clergymen, students, businessmen, entertainers, labor officials, journalists, and government workers who may engage in subversive activities without being fully aware of the extent, purposes, or control of their activities." To close associates, Meese's offhand imprimatur on the Heritage Foundation was merely a good game of politics. In this and other ways, the Reagan-Meese White House has tended to humor its supporters on the outer fringe. But as the Eisenhower administration learned when it humored Joseph McCarthy until he attacked the US Army, that can be tricky.

Still, liberals seeking a cardboard villain in the Reagan administration will have to look elsewhere. In the White House, Meese has functioned smoothly as part of Reagan's "troika" of top assistants, along with chief of staff James Baker and deputy chief of staff Michael Deaver. He is, by all accounts, a nice guy. He reminds one of the kind of cop who has a friendly word for everyone on his beat and is just the man to get a kitten out of a tree or take a lost toddler home to its mother—even if he's not likely to waste much kindness on anyone who steps out of line.

But Ed Meese is no longer just a law enforcement official. He is a powerful national and international figure whose views help guide those of the president on issues ranging from food stamps to foreign policy. His charter has expanded enormously since his days in California. Whether his vision has similarly expanded is far less certain.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

'O Young Men of the New Age!'

In London this past August *Chariots of Fire* was showing everywhere, and people were talking about it with national pride. I share the enthusiasm and can understand the national pride: this British film is absorbing, excellently made in every regard, and sticks very pleasantly in the mind.

Chariots of Fire
(Warner Brothers)

Most films are much more producers' enterprises than the public is made aware of or than criticism acknowledges. The driving figure behind *Chariots of Fire* was a man of whom I wouldn't have expected much, an Englishman named David Puttnam who previously produced the deplorable *Midnight Express*, the ludicrous *Bugsy Malone*, and *The Duellists*, a painfully precious Conrad adaptation. To these meager expectations of Puttnam, add the fact that, after he got his film idea, he engaged a screenwriter named Colin Welland whose past gems include *Straw Dogs* and *Yanks*. Then, as Puttnam has done before, he engaged a director whose principal experience had been in TV commercials, Hugh Hudson. So much for reliance on track records. At the least *Chariots of Fire* shows that unforeseen chemical combinations can explode prophecy.

"I was looking for a story not unlike *A Man for All Seasons*," said Puttnam in the (London) *Observer* last August 16, "about a man who does an unexpedient thing. I looked for it in the sporting world because sport is a clean simple metaphor." He found a story of *two* such men—a true story, at that, about the 1924 Olympics. Puttnam went on his unpredictable way by engaging David Watkin, who is a masterly cinematographer but not the one who would first come to mind in connection with sport. (*How I Won the War, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Catch-22* are some of Watkin's films.) Clearly Puttnam and colleagues had a view from the start of how they wanted this sport film to look—and that look is not much like a conventional sport film.

Neither is Welland's script structure. To link from the beginning the stories of two men who didn't meet until far into the chronological sequence of events, Welland begins with a flashback, not from the 1924 Olympics but from a 1978 funeral service for one of the men. And within the body of the film, there are more flashings forward and back. They are never confusing: on the contrary, they add to the sense that this film is about something more than its double story.

Here I'll just lay out the two main lines. One of the two young men is Eric Liddell, the son of Scottish missionaries, born in China, who himself has a religious vocation and wants to return to China, who is urged to do so by his sister. It's an anguish for her, and—differently—for him, too, that he must do the unexpedient thing: he feels his talent for running is a gift from God that he must not spurn. He will be able to go on with his missionary work only if, at whatever pain to his family, he first serves God in his own way, by running in the Olympics.

The other young man is Harold Abrahams, the son of an immigrant Lithuanian Jew who prospered in England and who worships the country, who has raised Harold as a thoroughly English, thoroughly gentle, English gentleman. Young Abrahams, too, has a talent for running, and he, too, faces the rigorous way—not of God's will, like Liddell, but of proving social mettle. One night Abrahams is having dinner with the Gilbert and Sullivan soprano whom he loves and who loves him, and she asks him why he runs. He replies, "Because I'm Jewish." When she says she doesn't understand, he says, "You're not Jewish."

The climax—in the plot sense, anyway—occurs at the Olympic meet in Paris. Liddell refuses to run in his 100-meter event because the first heat is scheduled for a Sunday. (Remember when Hank Greenberg of the Detroit Tigers refused to play on Yom Kippur?) This causes consternation among bigwigs, including the prince of Wales and assorted peers. I won't go into details of how a solution is found, but I can't possibly be accused of giving away twists when I note that on page 801 of the 1981 *World Almanac*, you can read that, at the 1924 Olympics, the 100-meter run was won by Harold Abrahams, the 400-meter run by Eric Liddell.

Even in this sketch, you can see that the film involves much more than the usual sport picture. History has considerately provided Puttnam with two stimulatingly contrasted heroes, and each of the stories carries with it a fascinating context of social colors, prides, vanities, virtues, and emotion. Also, through the earlier section, 1919 and thereabouts, there's a grim background of the war's aftermath. When Abrahams's class enters Cambridge, the master of his college, standing before a wall covered with the names of college men lost in 1914-18, tells the newcomers in a well-written speech about their predecessors and responsibilities. And (something Stroheim did in *Foolish Wives*) we see badly maimed veterans in the background of various scenes.

Hudson's direction is utterly understanding. The editing, done with Terry

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Arthur. A revival of the rich-playboy plot, too long and slow, but with bright dialogue, deft Dudley Moore, and scintillating John Gielgud.

The French Lieutenant's Woman. The double structure—a Victorian story and the story of the actors filming the Victorian story—doesn't justify itself, but the acting and the textures are superb. The parts are much better than the whole, but *all* the parts are lovely.

The Great Muppet Caper. The real raiders of the lost ark—of unself-conscious innocence.

Stevie. The being of the English poet, Stevie Smith, crystallized by Glenda Jackson, with Mona Washbourne wonderful as her aunt, in a small, exquisite work.

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Rawlings, seems to me flawless. We look always at what we need to see, whether we know it immediately or not, and we see it without camera maneuver—except in the slow-motion sequences which of course are meant to draw attention to themselves and which justify it either with a helpful touch of lyricism or emphasis. There and throughout, Watkin's camera work is lovely.

I draw attention to two other aspects that might be scanted and that support the film strongly. First, the clothes—Scottish tweeds, Cambridge gentlemen's gear, London ladies' chic—authenticate the visual texture of every scene. Second, the music, which seems aerated out of school songs and old hymns, gives the film continual lift. These ultra-British contributions are by a designer named Milena Canonero and a composer named Vangelis Papathanassiou.

WELLAND'S dialogue is brisk, moving, funny, sometimes pithy. When Abrahams, already a celebrated runner, dines with the soprano for the first time, she says, "My brother would envy me," to which he answers, "So would mine." When Abrahams is given dinner by two Cambridge panjandrums, is asked to give up the professional trainer he has engaged and firmly declines, one of the Cambridge masters says to the other, after Abrahams leaves, "There goes your Semite." (Pronounced "Seemite.") "A different god, a different mountain-top." To categorize that line as sheer Jew-hatred is to simplify anti-Semitism and European social history.

Now for the acting. Writing about it is like remembering a feast. Ben Cross, the Abrahams, is making his film debut, I believe, after considerable experience with the Prospect and Royal Shakespeare companies, among others. His face is bony, tight, a perfect field for mercurial, half-suppressed flashes. His very ears seem hypersensitively tuned for whispered comment. Yet there's witty temperament in him. Cross's performance is a highly engaging compound of glints and knots.

Ian Charleson plays Liddell, thus giving me my second fine Charleson experience within a few months. The first—and the first time I ever saw him—was as Bertram in the BBC production of *All's Well That Ends Well* on PBS, not only the best production in that bumpy series but one of the best Shakespeare productions of my lifetime. Charleson, merely by understanding Bertram, blew to smithereens some centuries of critical quandary about that "problem" character. After that cool, proud, aristocratic performance, Charleson gives us this quiet, charming, thoroughly religious man, who lives in a purposeful cosmos without any tinge of hosanna or smugness. He truly knows who he is and—which modern "identity" discourse often omits—he also knows why he is who he is.

Then there is Ian Holm, of whom there are not enough statues in the English-speaking world. If you saw him in *The Homecoming* and *A Severed Head* and *Robin and Marian*, you know that he is extraordinarily strong and almost frighteningly versatile, but you'll still be unprepared for his gruff, canny portrayal of Abrahams's half-Italian, half-Arab trainer. The scene in which he watches the crucial race from a distant room is one of the picture's joys.

I tick only three more names: Nigel Havers, as a very rich and very endearing young lord, also a Cambridge runner; and Lindsay Anderson, better known as a director, with the blessed John Gielgud, as pillars of Cambridge elitism.

The making of any film is a paradox. It entails a prodigious amount of planning, yet the outcome depends very considerably on chance. (A famous director once said to me after he had finished shooting and was about to start work with his editor, "Now I've got to find out whether I made the film.") Various kinds of luck are involved, not only happenstance but the luck of learning that the careful plans one made were the right careful plans. Everything went well in *Chariots of Fire*, which is why I began with the producer, Puttnam, and why I end with a salute to his command. His film is no towering masterwork, but it is gripping, intelligent, rewarding. The national pride I heard in London was because Britain had once again made a film of world rank and also because the film is inspiriting, without being remotely "inspirational"; but for many of us, *Chariots of Fire*, seen from the present day, has its bitter perspectives.

Which leads to the title. Unexplained—and it *is* unexplained—it still has plenty of figurative force. But a knowledge of its source adds to what I've just been saying. It's apparently the plural of a phrase from Blake's preface to his *Milton*. That preface, if you recall, addresses "Young Men of the New Age" and exhorts Blake's countrymen to be "just & true to our own imaginations." The famous poem with which the preface ends contains this stanza:

> Bring me my Bow of burning gold:
> Bring me my Arrows of desire:
> Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!
> Bring me my Chariot of fire.

The film never refers to Blake's poem in any way. I call that irony and class.

MARK CRISPIN MILLER ON TELEVISION

Sickness on TV

I could watch Jerry Lewis for hours, and that's what I did over Labor Day weekend, when he hosted the 16th annual Muscular Dystrophy Telethon. Just what is it that makes him such a

The Jerry Lewis
Labor Day Telethon

riveting spectacle? It isn't talent, although Jerry Lewis is exceptionally talented, a master of filmmaking and stand-up improvisation. Rather, his particular appeal reflects an attribute that is both simpler and more complex than talent: "He's crazy," said Robert De Niro in a taped appearance that was both a tribute to Lewis and a plea for donations. Of course, De Niro probably meant "irrepressible" rather than "clinically insane," but the primary meaning is too appropriate to be ruled out.

Watching Jerry Lewis run his telethon is a nerve-wracking thrill, like watching an agitated schizophrenic conduct a heated group discussion in an empty room. He is many men in one, all of them demented. Much of the time, he acts like a sort of hoodlum priest—the Sage of Vegas. With a mike in one hand and a smoke in the other, hair

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resplendent with well-greased combmarks, he saunters up and down the stage at the Sahara, philosophizing in a language all his own: "Mankind is an interesting and very, very complicated issue. . . ." "The corporate picture has had a dirty deal for a long time. . . ." "If more people cried, we wouldn't have as many wars. . . ." Then, in the middle of all this solemnity, he'll suddenly fly into his routine, jumping and quacking.

This year, Lewis seemed even crazier than usual. Not only did he keep interrupting his own weird orations with automatic bursts of *schtick*, but he babbled about "love" with the unsettling fervor of a pious tramp who'd finally lost his mind. This show, he kept saying, was a "love-in," on the "Love Network," and he and his guests did everything but post the banns: "Jerry, we love ya," yelled José Feliciano. "I love ya, Lorna," Jerry called to Lorna Luft; "I love *you*, Jerry," Lorna cooed. "I love ya, Joey," Jerry quacked at Joey Heatherton; "You're very special, Jerry," Joey croaked. Of course, you can always expect those types to behave that way; Lewis had managed to recruit the cream of show biz, or at least that slightly rancid portion that sticks to Las Vegas—Charo, Sammy Davis, Frank Sinatra, Pearl Bailey, Jack Jones, Bill Cosby, Tony Orlando, etc., the kind of people who always fondle each other on national television. But there was something unusually forced and desperate about the fond show at the Sahara, where all the talk of "love" was only a device to hide other, less comfortable feelings.

DRAWING OF JERRY LEWIS BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

For instance, Jerry Lewis, the much-loved *primum mobile* of the "Love Network," is a man barely able to contain his rage. All his mugging, wheedling, weeping, and pontificating seem only the expression of a vast, unquenchable resentment. He is a figure of immense self-pity, obviously seeing himself as a pathetic little schnook, despite his imposing presence, his years of success, the grateful millions. In other words, his role as friend to the sick is simply another version of the maudlin role he played in most of his films: the little jerk, well meaning but unloved. While he poses as a father figure to the afflicted, calling them "Jerry's kids" (although some are over 21), he clearly identifies with them, sharing in their wretchedness, because they are so much more genuinely pitiable than he could ever be. His hostility demands many outlets, and finds them on the telethon. As a celebrated clown, for instance, he felt free to ridicule some of his supporters, making funny faces behind their backs while they struggled with their presentations (which *was* hilarious, if disconcerting). Moreover, he conducted this "love-in" with the sort of paranoid rancor that you'd expect from a Moonie congress rather than a charitable fundraiser. He kept referring to imagined enemies, and railed against "the negative people, who don't know the meaning of joy." Those nay-sayers will eventually get theirs, if this loving man has anything to say about it. "If you do not respond," he threatened his viewers, "then one day we will have a telethon for people who we will hopefully inject feelings *into*!"

In short, he acted like those psychopaths who appear on fundamentalist talk-shows, weeping with love for Jesus Christ while longing to commit murder. Like Lewis himself, the whole telethon reflected some of the darker aspects of today's American scene. The show was charged with that hollow "revival spirit" that is supposed to demonstrate our national regeneration, and which never does. The inspirational bits were not uplifting. Lola Falana, who usually performs as if she wants to love the whole world, or at least a couple of platoons, introduced her act with this uncharacteristic bleat of piety: "I believe in God, and I believe in Christ, and I believe that He lives when we shine." The headache-inducing Ben Vereen also got religious, belting out several Christian show-stoppers. And Wayne Newton, looking like one of those evil lawyers who try to bilk the Three Stooges out of their inheritance, closed the telethon with an orgy of bad faith.

Although Lewis celebrated their altruism, these performers were using muscular dystrophy as an occasion to demonstrate their own fervent devotion to the will of the majority. It's a

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great way to win applause, as the corporate sector has also discovered: MacDonald's, Seven-Up, Anheuser-Busch, Sara Lee, United Airlines, and many others sent representatives onto the show to hand Lewis hefty checks and gain some favorable PR. They took pains to be as visible as possible, appearing time and time again, and yet Lewis could not stoop low enough in sentimentalizing their motives, turning his show into one long testimonial to the cuddliness of Big Business: "They are *friends*, on a very *emotional* and very *caring* level," he said of those corporate officers, most of whom would probably do anything to bar him from their country clubs. "How do you not hug and kiss people like that?"

OF COURSE, what Jerry Lewis does—considered apart from why or how he does it—is entirely admirable, and the same is true of those corporate gifts. People with muscular dystrophy are in distress, and if it takes an ugly circus like the telethon to raise the money for their treatment, then such a circus must take place. Nevertheless, we ought to consider the more sinister effects of such a show, and its real significance, particularly if we care about the sick.

Whatever good they may accomplish in the short run, these television shows dehumanize the sick, reducing them to pitiable objects. Early on, Lewis showed a taped encounter between ABC's David Hartman and an ailing man named Nelson Rodriguez, who had already lost one brother to muscular dystrophy, and who faces death himself. Hartman fished for grief with the usual pointed, morbid questions ("How did you feel when your brother died?"), at one point asking, "What does 'humanness' mean to you?" Rodriguez answered that it means being considered a person, not just someone diseased. Ignoring this answer, Hartman continued his interrogation, finally hitting pay dirt as Rodriguez began to cry.

The sick man suddenly stopped moving. It was not actual death, or further paralysis, but a freeze-frame; and then that image of the immobilized Rodriguez appeared on a huge video screen onstage at the Sahara, with Jerry Lewis, his back to the camera, standing motionless, looking at the image, broadly "moved," yet unmoving. The stasis lasted for about ten seconds, offering—as television always does—a perfect visual metaphor for the futility of pity—the victim, forever sad and damaged; the "caring person," fixed in his concern; ourselves, still and staring, with our mouths hanging open.

The telethon is not unusual in its use of the afflicted. For the past few years, the shattered human being has appeared variously on television, on the stage, in the movies: *The Elephant Man, Children of a Lesser God, Best Boy, Whose Life is it Anyway?, Coming Home,* etc. We might like to believe that this sudden prevalence of afflicted heroes suggests that ours is a highly compassionate society, but there is no justification for this belief, especially not now. Our obsession with the broken and dependent man, in fact, may reflect our sense that *we* are somehow crippled, somehow incomplete, having let our feelings, thoughts, and other vital functions slip out of our control. We have television to do our perceiving and emoting for us, and those benevolent corporations make a promise that they mean to keep: "We do it *all* for you." In other words, our public "caring" for the handicapped may only be a form of self-obsession, a grieving for a victim who is still alive.

Hannah Arendt on the origins of prejudice.

UNDERSTANDING ANTI-SEMITISM

BY LEON WIESELTIER

Ideas, in the last century, were the masters of facts, but in this century the facts have returned to haunt them. The duty of free minds once was to discover vast new conceptions of humanity which would free more minds and smash the tyrannies; but the tyrannies generally were not smashed, they were replaced, and the vast new conceptions only reshackled the minds they were meant to free. The duty of free minds now is to discover these facts. The cruelest fact of all, after the long adventure, anointed by reason, in starting society over, is that the truth about human institutions is as strange as it always was. Reason was not introduced into politics with revolution. It is plain in the newspapers that the wretched of the earth do not make quite the calculations of interest we expect them to make. The oppressed, like the oppressors, are not usually sensible. Their values are odd, and obscure. They are easily led. Often they simply hate. They do not, in any case, conform tidily to the categories that were invented to understand them. And so the understanding of much political behavior has slowly slipped from the goodwilling grasp of many intellectuals. The crime of the intellectuals, too often, is that they are insufficiently credulous. They have been lulled by democracy, in which so much is unimaginable. They are, many of them, strangers to strangeness.

There is no stranger truth about the West, no larger obstruction to the rational understanding of politics, than anti-Semitism. Economic misery and political absolutism are usually proposed as the reasons for the great mass upheavals of contemporary history; but upon such sane and compassionate explanations the hard mailed fist of Jew-hatred sometimes comes crashing down, exposing the illusion that the downtrodden wished only to improve their own lot, leaving instead the foul spectacle of entire populations choosing the persecution of the Jews over the struggle for genuine social and material progress. A common enemy is won more cheaply than a common good. There has been almost no revolution, of the right or the left, that has not justified anti-Semitism. Jews are usually discovered in the eye of the storm. "Many still consider it an accident that Nazi ideology centered around anti-Semitism," observed Hannah Arendt in the opening pages of *The Origins of Totalitarianism;* and this "failure to take seriously what the Nazis themselves said is comprehensible enough." The anti-Semitic construction of history was just too stupid, the plan to slaughter all the Jews just too crazy. Anti-Semitism, as Arendt correctly insisted, was "an outrage to common sense." The particular senselessness of anti-Semitism, of course, had seized Europe many times before;

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but that this ancient embarrassment to culture survived into the late enlightened centuries, that it battened upon the modern convulsions too, that it flourished no less in the midst of the great campaigns against intolerance and unfreedom, as vigorous among the poor as among the privileged—this was the bizarre fact that had to be acknowledged and then explained. The age that would transform, and perfect, the whole human world did not transform *this*, though it did perfect it.

The persistence of anti-Semitism, and its unlikely but essential place among the critical motives of modern politics, vexed Hannah Arendt deeply. Her many writings on the Jews begin with this fact. It was Arendt who summoned intellectuals to the modern story of the Jews, who began by announcing the strange truth that "of all the great unsolved political questions of our century, it should have been this seemingly small and unimportant Jewish problem that had the dubious honor of setting the whole infernal machine in motion." She liked to quote David Rousset's terrifying remark that "normal men do not know that everything is possible." Arendt's own Jewishness, her bitter quarrel with Zionism, her startling misrepresentation of Jewish conduct under the Nazis were all generated by a method of making sense out of anti-Semitism, a method which marked her as perhaps the last great Jewish believer in Europe. Yet the consequence of Arendt's analysis was, in the end, to make the truth much less strange. The "outrage," which it was her merit to name, was eliminated by a theory, and "common sense" restored. This was accomplished in an account of the Jews' career in modern Europe which raises grave methodological and moral questions.

"There is hardly an aspect of contemporary history more irritating and mystifying"—her words, once more—"than the fact that of all the great unsolved political questions of our century, it should have been this seemingly small and unimportant Jewish problem that had the dubious honor of setting the whole infernal machine in motion." But it was not the Jewish problem that tripped the wire, and exploded Europe. It was the German problem, and this is not a quibble.

The mind's duel with evil—an old duel, but never more to the death than in this century—frequently unmans the mind. Explanations are produced which blunt the horror and protect the philosophical continuity of the culture. The intellectual extenuation of evil has always been a real temptation for moral natures. Theodicy, the extenuations were called, when the responsibility could still be God's. When it is plainly man's they take new forms. Where they once exalted the criminal they now diminish the crime. This is done by blurring the distinction between guilt and innocence, between the villain and the victim. And this, in turn, is done in two ways, which respectively characterize discussions of the age's great evils, the Soviets and the Nazis. The savagery of Stalin and his successors has led certain writers (generally those still lured by socialism's early promise) to make the villain into a bit of a victim; Stalin is portrayed as a sorry prisoner of the illusions of power, Brezhnev as the panicked steward of a crumbling economy. The savagery of Hitler has led certain writers (generally Jews ashamed of the death camps) to make the victim into a bit of a villain; the Jews of Europe, it is said, had a share in fashioning their grisly fate.

Hannah Arendt found no pathos in Stalin's life of murder, no softening human considerations about the author of the archipelago. It was she who first described with tough-minded precision the machinery of "total domination," and brilliantly identified the new type of despotism made of terror and ideology; and in her account of the Communist dictatorship she left nothing morally or historically equivocal about the part of the manipulated masses. She was no less uninterested in the disorders of Hitler's personality when she came to describe the Nazi regime. Her subject, quite rightly, was a political system without precedent, and the instruments of control—the propaganda and the police—which tamed an entire nation. But in the Nazi variety of totalitarianism, according to her later work, there appeared a chink. This tyranny was not exactly total; there were at least some victims who were not merely manipulated, but remained masters enough of events to assist in their own destruction.

BEING SICK

The pleasure in it diminishes.

Once, propped on fresh pillows
in my sunny bedroom, the yellow
flowered wallpaper, cats at my ankles
under the blankets, Ma Perkins
on the bedside radio, sounds
no one else I knew was hearing—
paradise was a mild virus.

Over six years of grammar school,
a whole year missed, at home.
Those one hundred-eighty days
should have earned me a malingering
prize at graduation. I'd wake
to the nostalgic soreness
in my throat, or head,
and could sink back into bed—

and the asthmatic nights in the country
when my father lit the fire,
put a kettle to steam on the logs,
and held me—*breathing*—on his lap
inside an army blanket tent.

To be sick, to be so loved . . .

Now the rewards diminish.
My face in the bathroom mirror,
ugly yellow smudges under my eyes,
reddened nose, memories of invalids
who didn't recover.

The cat prowls around my bed, unfed,
restless. A city plow burrows
up the frozen street, disabling
the cars. I should be up, working,
not watching an icicle
that cracks now at my window
and sinks into the snow.

GAIL MAZUR

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These exceptional victims were the Jews.

> Wherever Jews lived, there were recognized Jewish leaders, and this leadership, almost without exception, cooperated in one way or another, for one reason or another, with the Nazis. The whole truth was that if the Jewish people had really been unorganized and leaderless, there would have been chaos and plenty of misery but the total number of victims would hardly have been between four and a half and six million people.

These were the unfortunate sentences in *Eichmann in Jerusalem* that ignited the controversy (and, it must be said, ignited also the interest of many intellectuals in matters that had not yet become a common measure of moral and mental seriousness). What Arendt's many critics failed to remark, however, was that her blunder was the result of a view of anti-Semitism, based precisely upon how the Jewish people had been "organized," that she had been espousing since the 1940s. It was a view she took from Bernard Lazare, an eloquent and rather unlearned French-Jewish moralist of the Dreyfus years, who was Arendt's model Jew.

"The demoralization of a people of the poor and the prosecuted, receiving a dole from its rich and having rebelled only against persecution from without and not against oppression from within. Revolutionaries in the society of others and not in its own." Thus did Lazare aphoristically account for the misery of the Jews: they were kept down by their own rich and educated, who had their privileges to preserve. The Jewish plutocracy, according to Lazare, required the poverty of the masses, and the assimilating Jewish intellectuals required their backwardness, as proof of their own success. The philanthropic institutions established by the *Geldjuden* for the Jewish community only disguised the class interest they had in their brethren's need for alms. Lazare did not expand upon his discovery, which was owed in part to his vulgar and unsystematic socialism. Arendt, for other reasons, did.

IN 1944 Arendt published "The Jew as Pariah," and two years later "Privileged Jews," essays which staked out, a little too dazzlingly, the subject of her greatest contribution to the study of Jewish history—the social psychology of assimilation. Arendt's speculations on the inner life of the exceptional cases, on the psyche of the parvenu, remain unsurpassed. The parvenu wished, as the poet J. L. Gordon urged, to "be a man in the street and a Jew at home." But this, commented Arendt, "actually amounted to a feeling of being different from other men in the street because they were Jews and different from other Jews at home because they were not 'ordinary Jews.'" The ordinary were the background against which the extraordinary would shine. The parvenu thrived, then, upon the existence of the pariah: in the 1820s, for example, the Rothschilds withdrew a substantial subsidy from the community at Frankfurt in order to counteract reformers who wanted Jewish children to have a general education. The material and cultural affliction of the many followed remorselessly from the same prosperity of the few. In the end the prosperous also met the consequences of their greed. When the state, whose imperialist adventures began to attract non-Jewish capital that previously had been interested only in private investment, eventually dispensed with the services of Jewish financiers, and when society, which had suffered some Jews in the salons to help relieve the bourgeois boredom, eventually lost its fascination for the outcast, no Jews were spared.

The *Judenräte*, then, did what the Rothschilds had done. They played the same historical role in the undoing of their people. They, the bankers at the courts and the bureaucrats in the ghettos, deluded the herd and made profit from the government, and so were the real agents of anti-Semitism, the callow instruments of the war against the Jews. The emancipation of the Jews in modern Europe, Arendt concluded, was defeated by the internecine rivalries of Jewish society. The opportunity of the new Europe, politically and philosophically reconstructed, was squandered. Arendt never doubted that such an opportunity existed; but what is most objectionable about her account of anti-Semitism is not its sunny faith that the malice might have been rolled back; it is her method. Arendt blames the victim. "Jews . . . do not wish under any circumstances to discuss their share of responsibility," whereas "the sources of modern anti-Semitism must be found in certain aspects of Jewish history and specifically Jewish functions during the last centuries."

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No. It is to be found in certain aspects of German history, and French history, and Russian history. Not in Jewish money, but in German industry; not in Rahel Varhagen's attic, but in the drawing rooms of the Faubourg-St. Germain; not in the stratification of the Jewish community, but in all the unlucky classes beneath the kaisers and the czars; not in Jewish achievement, but in the pitiful inability of certain political cultures to tolerate it; not in the Jewish insistence upon difference, but in the non-Jewish insistence upon sameness. Study the *goyim*, in short, not the Jews—and the whites, not the blacks. And the secret police, not the informer. There is something morally quite simple about totalitarianism, and about the hatred for whole peoples and races, that corresponds to the historical fact that the victims were, in these systems of slavery and murder, simply powerless.

What led Arendt to such an interpretation of anti-Semitism was the problem of its plausibility.

> An ideology which has to persuade and mobilize people cannot choose its victim arbitrarily. . . . If a patent forgery like the 'Protocols of the Elders of Zion' is believed by so many people that it can become the text of a whole political movement, the task of the historian is no longer to discover a forgery. . . . The chief historical and political fact of the matter is that the forgery is being believed.

The popularity of anti-Semitism, in other words, is a sign that something about it is founded in fact. A sheer falsehood would not have met with so much success. Arendt appears to have forgotten, in this instance, about the gross ideological duping of the masses, which has been a regular feature of modern politics, and about the gullibility of groups in need of solace. The tender position of the Jews no doubt fitted them perfectly for the lie that the tyrants needed for their tyranny; but that hardly means that the Jews themselves were responsible for that position, or that the lie was any less a lie.

Arendt has here misunderstood the nature of prejudice, which is precisely a feeling that is not based upon, and so cannot be revised by, evidence. Anti-Semitism in German universities between the wars, for example, flourished most in those institutions in which there were no Jews. The anti-Semite does not see the Jews and then hate, he hates the Jews and then sees. The prejudice is always prior. The Jews did not cause it and they cannot cure it. The Jewish bourgeoisie believed that if it improved itself, and acquired all the appurtenances of art and commerce, and fought for the flag in the trenches, its enemies would go away. And Arendt, who yielded to none in her contempt for these nervous Jewish philistines, repeated their error. She knew, of course, that there was no political reward for gentility; a change in the political fortune of the Jews would take more than paintings and portfolios. But, she believed, had Europe's Jews rebelled against their rich and repented the alliances with rulers that they struck in their name, they might not have come to such a bad end.

This is not to deny that the behavior of the Jews has some impact upon the policies of governments and the sentiments of populations toward them. But a distinction must be made between political opposition and racism. The Jews did not meet with opposition; or, rather, they met with no opposition that was not also that other malignancy. In Europe the term of Jewish politics was not interests—only America allowed them that much—but rights, which were reluctantly conceded and often revoked. Emancipation was not a struggle for power but for legitimacy; and legitimacy, or the right not to disappear, is not something that can be argued for. (The cost in self-esteem in making the argument is itself too crippling.) The Jews, then, may have influenced all kinds of political developments and economic events and popular perceptions, but it was precisely what they could not influence, what was blind to their words and deeds, what came of nothing except the anti-Semite's own unhappiness, that doomed them. Anti-Semitism may be defined as an attitude about the Jews that they cannot influence. For that reason it cannot be refuted, it can only be fought. It is always a judgment already made.

An analysis of prejudice that finds a part for the victim only lessens the scandal. It is a retreat to rationality, which may be noble. But against such an analysis the innocence of the victim must be upheld, hard as it is for the mind to bear. The political wisdom of the Jews was not very great, but they did not desire to be set upon. Anti-Semitism was an intervention in Jewish life; it came unbidden from outside. It discriminated against Jews and tortured them and killed them, all without their consent. When the victim is innocent, evil is radical. When the victim is an accomplice, evil is—banal.

(The second half of this essay will appear next week.)

A Rebirth Of Philosophy?

Philosophical Explanations
by Robert Nozick

(Belknap Press, Harvard; $25)

Philosophy and the Mirror of Nature
by Richard Rorty

(Princeton University Press; $20)

Are we about to celebrate a rebirth of American popular philosophy? Philosophers were once quite widely read, especially when there was a William James to pack in the crowds. All that peaked 75 years ago, and despite a man of stature like John Dewey, American philosophy became esoteric. It lost all contact with public life.

In recent times we have had powerful philosophical minds that interest the reading public—men such as the linguist Noam Chomsky or the historian of science Thomas S. Kuhn. They certainly address fundamental issues about the nature of mind or of human knowledge, but they do so from the vantage point of specialized disciplines. Few university philosophers of the past generation have needed even to consider

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whether their craft might have any purpose outside of itself. Many who did think about it decided that philosophers could at best take in other people's washing, reflecting on this or that conceptual problem arising within the sciences or perhaps the arts. Philosophers, it seemed, would never again enjoy the role that William James took for granted.

PHILOSOPHY, once spoken of as queen of the sciences, had become a recondite recluse. Nobody minded. Now, all of a sudden, we have two books from the professorial heartland to change all that. Their appearance is a phenomenon. It is all the more striking because the two books are as different as could be. Princeton University Press has Princeton professor Richard Rorty preaching, well, not exactly the rebirth of philosophy, but the re-death. His book has been out more than a year and already has a wide following, not only among philosophers but also among people who have long felt robbed of a readable philosophy. Alongside that, Harvard University Press has Harvard professor Robert Nozick doing all the philosophy that Rorty seems to say is no longer possible. He writes complicated philosophy in a way that is deliberately intended to attract intelligent people of all backgrounds.

Rorty's book professes the death of philosophy. Why then cite it as a sign of rebirth? Because the death-of-philosophy people mean what they say for only a few moments. Then they imitate a phoenix. Rorty concludes by teaching that there are two kinds of philosophy, at least in the present. One is solemn, embedded in its past, theorizing about knowledge and the mind. We know and we think, says Rorty, but for goodness' sake don't imagine there are "mind" and "knowledge" to have a theory about. That might have been all right once upon a time, but by now such epistemology ought to go away. In contrast to the epistemologists, says Rorty, are the edifying philosophers. In our century there have been three thus far: Dewey, Heidegger, and Wittgenstein. Rorty thinks that they are so outside of any tradition that they do not fit into established discourse. You cannot say much about edifying philosophy and certainly you cannot teach a person how to edify. If you will take pains to understand the history of thought since Descartes, and as interpreted in the light of Kant, Rorty argues, you will see that epistemology has self-destructed and that edification exists outside any norms or bounds of prediction.

Philosophy as it conceived of itself, then, is supposed to be dead. Rorty encourages activities still worth calling philosophy to continue. Epistemologists will create their own private conversations, and, if they are lucky, will do so at the taxpayer's expense. Edifiers will from time to time occur. They will create new kinds of conversation. There are no external standards as to whether a "conversation" is worthy or rational. Its only test is whether it can continue. Philosophers were once supposed to vindicate values or legitimate science. No attempt to provide foundations can succeed, and that is why philosophy as an overseer of culture has finally folded.

Unlike Will Durant, who encapsulated the history of philosophy into an uplifting theme of better and better, Rorty, with an equally attractive historical style, tells us that the whole project is spiraling down into nothingness. Yet this very book is causing numerous young people to read philosophical classics as never before. This is the closest thing to a cult book commencing popular philosophy that we have seen for many a year. So there is an internal paradox: a death-of-philosophy book doubles interest in all kinds of philosophy. This oddity pales when we place the book alongside Nozick's. Nozick seems to be the living external contradiction of everything that Rorty says, and to be destined for no less glamour.

NOZICK'S brilliantly titled libertarian tract, *Anarchy, State and Utopia*, has already won him an ample and well-merited reputation. Now he turns to matters of wide concern. Rorty writes of the passing of philosophy from the stage of high culture: the young, if they will learn about their civilization and their nature at all, will from now on have to get it from literary critics. Philosophy is "irrelevant." Now we have Nozick's chapters to scream "relevance!" instead. They end even with "the meaning of life." But there is little pandering in the whole of Nozick's book, which is why it has a chance of being genuinely popular. The book is embarrassingly demanding; I doubt if anyone can sensibly read it from start to finish. Although it will impress many philosophy professors, it is, in a fairly daring way, not aimed at them. It is full of the stock-in-trade of analytic technical philosophy, and yet it is written as if every careful person ought to know that language. It is a refreshing change from condescending simplification.

Nozick's title is important: *Philosophical Explanations*. Nozick says he will not try to compel his readers to believe something or other. He will only show us what it would be like if various doctrines of his were true. He will explain their *possibility*.

ALL OF US, all of the time, believe some philosophy even if we do not call it that. We have ideas about what it is to be a person, what we know and could know, whether we make real choices in life, what is to be valued, and the very purpose of our lives. At an early age children discuss why there is a world at all, but after adolescence we do not often mention great issues. Instead we argue about particular cases: tax cuts, neutron bombs, who ought to own the Oakland Raiders. The arguments of one person try to force the other person to agree. Yet whenever somebody is convinced, it is usually by forming a new picture of the facts of a particular case, rather than by being carried along some steel rails of deductive logic. Nozick gladly accepts this fact about persuasion, and adopts a different strategy. He will try to bring us to his point of view by explaining how it *could* be true.

It is not Nozick's doctrines—which are comfortable, secure, and middle-aged—that count so much as what he does with them. Let us not argue coercively for our opinions, says Nozick. Instead let me show you what the world or thought or being would have to be like in order for my opinions to be right. You will see that my philosophical explanation shows how my ideas might be right, and at the same time presents a pretty plausible world picture. Even if it is not plausible (as when Nozick tries to say why there must be something rather than nothing) you will recognize that a good question has been asked, because some sort of answer is possible.

The reasoning within any one of Nozick's explanations involves familiar logic, but the logic of the entire enterprise looks strange. That's his point. A philosophical explanation will show how it is possible for his ideas to be the right ones. Then, once we have seen in intri-

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cate detail how it is possible for them to be correct, we give extra credence to the explanation itself. This happy bootstrapping will in turn add credibility to what the explanations explain, namely, Nozick's original judgments or prejudices. This technique could be abused. Old-fashioned coercive argument tried to get you from one truth to another; if this is how it is (you argued), then this must be how it is, too. The coercive arguer put up or shut up. For my tastes philosophical explanation has too much in common with ways of thinking that are utterly alien to Nozick's own humane instincts. (Even an apocalyptic racism has been known to use a logic not very far from that of philosophical explanation. If you don't like some people, devise a history that explains how they would have been corrupt or stupid or contrary to the wheels of progress or justice. Having seen that these people could be like that, get rid of them.)

NOZICK is moved by a splendid passion. He says often enough that he is not confident of the philosophical explanations that he offers, but he revels in the ways in which they relate to his deeper beliefs. It is a pleasure when his arguments link his explanations to what he is rightly confident of—his love of children, his conception of the self as creating its own identity, or his vision of a persistent role for philosophy in common life. Most readers will treat the book like a mosaic. They will attend in detail to a handful of pieces in the pattern, and then feel impressed by the overall effect.

Nozick puts in all his favorite complicated arguments and allusions. This will not count against popularity. Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* is a strong candidate for the world's most unreadable great book. In fact it took the youngsters of his Germany by storm, and it also invited more pages of critical essays in the first 20 years after publication than has any other philosophical work, before or since. I do not wish to say that Nozick reads like Kant, although there is the same apparent indifference to the reader combined with all the lures to make us read on. But there is indeed something Kantian about Nozick's enterprise, a Kant not so much turned upside down as transformed from a right-hand glove into a left-hand glove. Let me explain.

Kant took for granted many beliefs. We discover new truths in mathematics; our science investigates nature with success and discovers its laws; we are free agents who live in a world that seems to run by causal necessity; there is a point to human values and there are grounds for hope. Yet every one of these beliefs has been challenged by skeptics, and the only defenses are offered by rationalist philosophers who try to coerce the skeptic (without success) by the power of pure reason. So Kant began to ask how each of these beliefs is possible, and he proposed various conditions, both necessary and sufficient, for anything like our web of opinions to make sense. In order for us to have ideas such as the ones we do—in order for us to pose skeptical questions, for example—then certain other facts must hold. These other facts explain what make our more ordinary questions and answers possible. They are necessary and sufficient conditions for thought and experience. Moreover, the philosophical propositions that were once in doubt are now explained by these conditions, and could not fail to be true without the conditions collapsing as well. Thus Kant tried to provide a foundation for any future metaphysics by a set of what may well be called "philosophical explanations."

Nozick directs his argument differently from Kant. Kant says that a set of conditions C must be true, for only that could explain how Y is possible. Kant doubtless intended his arguments to be, in Nozick's word, coercive. Nozick instead takes some idea Y that has been debated—often some version of a Kantian belief, for example, that the will is free. Then he asks what our world of fact and idea would have to be like in order for Y to be true. The conditions C that Nozick discovers provide one explanation of how Y could be true—and then there is the bootstrapping that I mentioned earlier. We do not end with the Kantian conclusion that C is true, and that Y is true, as a consequence of the necessary and sufficient conditions C. We have the more modest result that Y is made more credible because it can be understood in terms of the explanatory structure C. Kant wanted to show how things *must* be. Nozick wants to show how things *may* be.

Nozick also sets himself up as philosophical commentator on culture and value. His long chapters are: "The Self," "Why Is There Something Rather Than Nothing?" "Knowledge and Skepticism," "Free Will," "Foundation of Ethics," "Philosophy and the Meaning of Life." Everyone knows that, whatever be the modest change in method, this is traditional philosophy. It looks exactly like what Rorty says is no longer possible. Since Rorty says that there are no standards, and that conversations survive if there are people to engage in them, he cannot ban Nozick's book. But the contrast between Nozick and Rorty is all the more striking because Rorty says that the Kantian framework of philosophy has, of some historical necessity, worked itself out. Rorty denies that there could be such a thing as a theory of mind and self, or a theory of knowledge. That is, he denies the possibility of Nozick's first and third chapters. Rorty says that never again can philosophy survey the special branches of learning or morality and consider which are legitinmate; Nozick takes on that old-fashioned mantle of cultural overseer.

YET THERE may be an important consistency between the two. Rorty holds that the philosopher, be he Descartes or Kant or their successors, was supposed to know about other people, and about what they do, better than they themselves. The epistemologist was to provide foundations for knowledge, and to sort out honest knowing from the fantasies of pure reason. But there can be no foundations, Rorty claims. Each branch of knowledge will have to get along on its own, surviving if and only if it can win adherents. We shall have conversations. A conversation is a sustained discussion in which there may be give and take, and which determines its own rules. No philosopher can ordain those rules, nor even be well suited to describing them (a sociologist might do it better). There are no superior conversations. Physics and the evaluation of works of art are on a par, equally viable so long as they do in fact continue. It is not the case that one discipline is justified because, say, it finds out more about the world than the other.

Maybe this idea of conversation matches Nozick's noncoercive argument. His philosophical explanations, even when they are called "foundations," are not intended to be the unique foundation on which all value and knowledge shall be built. They are intended to provide only a structure from within which Nozick's own judgments of value and knowledge have a natural place.

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Rorty explicitly avows his lineage to pragmatism. You could put noncoercive argument into that tradition too. That would make all this sound very "American." But it is more American than that. Pragmatism was a creation of old New England. Like every other such creation, it could survive or be revived only by new blood. We can make a certain play on the two key ideas of these books, Rorty's conversation and Nozick's noncoercive argument. According to popular sterotype, conversation is the charm of the Irish and argument the skill of the Talmudic scholar. In these books, each is used in its own way to come to terms with a pluralistic world, without quite giving up the strengths of the traditions from which they spring. Moreover, each of the two modes has completely absorbed the esoteric American professional philosophy of the past 30 years, and these books make it public.

HOW GOOD is Rorty's history or Nozick's argumentation? Oddly, I don't know that the answer to this question affects the importance of these two books. I wish it mattered more. People will think that they are learning sound history or good arguments when, in my opinion, they are not. That's a long story. Let me end instead with a short one that will suggest how one can differ from both authors.

One of Rorty's three great "edifying" philosophers is Ludwig Wittgenstein. Edifying philosophers are supposed to create a new discourse outside of any established philosophical conversation. One learns from them not because of their place in a tradition but because they create a new place. So much seems to me to be a complete travesty of Wittgenstein. Wittgenstein was hostile to some ways of doing philosophy and did dislike many established philosophical attitudes. He showed us why, and did so using prose of striking originality and beauty. For example, instead of taking for granted that there is a "self" (or "person" or "ego" or whatever) about which to raise philosophical questions, he embarked on an enormous philosophical psychology to describe the ways in which a person fears and hopes and wishes, expresses anger, feels pain, and makes promises. Each such aspect of our mental life is embedded in a different set of social practices. It is one of Heidegger's recurrent themes that once these practices are understood, there will be no question of a philosophical sort about criteria of identity for persons, or how the self constitutes itself. Questions of the self have arisen, Wittgenstein taught, precisely because of a postulated "I" that would explain a manifold of human practices that ought only to be described. Against Rorty's deconstruction, I would say that Wittgenstein has not withdrawn from philosophy but rather engages its traditional concerns. Against Nozick I would say that to follow Wittgenstein is to abandon Nozick's first chapter, whose very title is "The Self."

IAN HACKING

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A CULTIVATED MIND

Green Thoughts: A Writer in the Garden by Eleanor Perényi

(Random House; $15.50)

Eleanor Perényi writes on gardening and its human consequences with a deep and generous skepticism, a sensibility at once elegant and passionate, a good-humored tolerance for error and thwarted ambition, a scorn of the vulgarities of the florid (whether botanical or rhetorical), and an aristocratic grasp on common sense. One might adduce M.F.K. Fisher at her best, or Sybil Bedford in her book on Mexico, in trying to define some of the tonal boundaries of this authority of voice, earned rather than usurped. But there is so much more to the way this book moves, delights, and teases one into thought, even as it recounts its cautionary tales, instructs, suggests, and digresses in the manner of traditionally good practical handbooks. Mrs. Perényi lives in Connecticut where she has cultivated her ground and her thoughts for almost 30 years, and has written a good deal (most recently, a book on Franz Liszt as romantic hero). The matter of her garden has called forth more than merely her well-tended style, her lightly worn learning, and her wit, however. Perhaps it is in the nature of gardens themselves to do so.

Cain the gardener envied the sacrificial gifts of Abel the hunter (and the first human to die), but perhaps he had not counted his blessings. "The purest of human pleasures," Bacon called gardening, and continued, "It is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks, and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection." And perhaps it is: mythologically, it was our Edenic parents' first activity, and the perfect first garden in our thoughts keeps the tending of our own patches noble, gardening remaining somehow prior to other activity, rather than primitive. Fact and idea at once, the planned garden, whether of palace or dooryard, has over the centuries both derived its patterns and forms from literary ideas, and subsequently contributed to them. It was to a green world of meditation that the speaker of Andrew Marvell's great meditative lyric, "The Garden," betook himself in order to evade the reds and whites of competition, war, and sexuality. Mrs. Perényi's *Green Thoughts* are shrewd and wise ones. Having read Marvell along with a good deal else, ancient and modern, she knows how the agents of strife of the outside world one has sought to avoid are relentless in their ability to metamorphose into forms within the garden. And she does not shrink from confronting them.

Her remarkable book is a collection of short essays, arranged alphabetically (rather than seasonally? but A-to-Z is the course of language's year), on such subjects as—I give only the As—Annuals, Artichokes, Ashes, Asparagus, Asters, Autumn, Azaleas and Rhododendrons (one topic, full of taxonomic problems). It is marked by no fugitive

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and cloistered virtue, but sallies forth plainly to engage the enemy, whether within or without, whether the greed of seed companies and the multinationals who now seem to own so many of them, or the mindlessly smarmy jocularity of TV weatherpersons for whom all precipitation seems to be a childish disappointment. Her book is a selective practical gardening manual, and a guide—neither pedantically German nor too affably Roman—to other manuals, seed and nursery catalogs, etc. It is also a spiritual counselor, and not only for the literate amateur gardener of wide or narrow experience. It is a book of *pensées* as well—on history, on the great and the small, on taste and judgment, on Europe and America—and to read it is continually to remind oneself that pansies were named for thoughts, that posy and poesy are the same word, and that "anthology" means, in Greek, a garland.

IN A LITTLE ESSAY entitled "Failures" (its spiritual counseling begins, "Sooner or later every gardener must face the fact that certain things are going to die on him"), Mrs. Perényi remarks that "it takes a while to grasp that gardening isn't a testing-ground for character"; one wants to add, "But writing about gardening *is*." Not only the author's own character, and that of other sources of material and advice, but a sample of our present state of civilization itself is being engaged by this book's tasks of mental pruning, mulching, and cultivating.

Throughout the book, a local topic allows the author to dilate: her pages on annuals meditate on brevity and cycle, and lead to some on longevity further on; dahlias cause her to ruminate on Anglo-Saxon prejudices about Hispanic horticulture; the color blue involves her scrutiny of her own snobberies, and remarks on Jane Austen and Nancy Mitford. She broods, horticulturally, gastronomically, and taxonomically, on fennel, endive, garlic, and various herbs. A chapter on compost includes a detailed encomium of the late J. I. Rodale, the father of organic gardening, which subject is a point of faith and of honor with Mrs. Perényi. Her remarks in "Lawns" define a terrain where practical advice and social considerations meet: after considering the difficulties of keeping lawns, and the possible alternative of allowing a meader, or "natural lawn," to arise in its place, she votes for the first, kempt, option, but ruefully, for

> I only regret that my attitude places me on the side of the law. Letting the grass grow beyond a certain point is illegal in most communities, and in some of them the town has the right to invade your property, mow the lawn, and charge you for it into the bargain. Where does such regulation stop? I am also forbidden to raise chickens or bees or a little pot for my own use. Might it not equally be found that my vegetable garden violated community standards in some way?

And so on. (One shrinks from calling so learned and sophisticated a temperament feisty, but. . . .) Some pages on the matter of hired help are the funniest I have read since Thurber and Dorothy Parker.

AMONG the authors she quotes or discusses are Cato and Pliny; Wharton and Cather and Colette; Milton, Marvell, Addison, and Pope; Gide and Proust; Frost and James Merrill. There is a telling vignette comparing descriptions by Henry James and E. F. Benson of the same garden they owned, seriatim, in Sussex. Thoreau merits her disapproval at one point; but she pays him, willy-nilly, implicit tribute throughout the book, and never more clearly than in writing "Autumn," when she considers nature's *fermeture annuel*:

> There is a feeling of suspense: When will the final curtain fall? Heavier dews presage the morning when the moisture will have turned to ice, glazing the shriveled dahlias and lima beans, and the annuals will be blasted beyond recall. These deaths are stingless. I wouldn't want it otherwise. I gardened one year in a tropical country and found that eternal bloom led to ennui. Up here I bury my bulbs in the same spirit that the squirrel, my enemy, goes about his work. He will find the chestnuts he has hidden in the rose garden when he needs them (so will I when they sprout next spring), and my bulbs will come up in due course.

The natural history of words, and the cultivation of wisdom, intertwine in these pages with specific observations on "Beans" and "Biennials"; "Potatoes" and "Pruning"; "Toads," "Tomatoes," and "Tools." Yet the author's digressions never wander out of bounds, but rather according to some implicit plan, planned—like the grand English gardens she admires as much as simple cottage ones—to appear unplanned. Good sense, like a central allegorical statue, is everywhere visible. Thus:

> It never pays to underestimate folk wisdom. But neither does it pay to overestimate it. The 'natives' don't know anything or they wouldn't be 'natives.' But neither do we, or we wouldn't be in the awful pickle we are. What I seek is a scientific approach that takes into account information gathered down the ages by observant human beings—and goes on from there.

And thus we can see how the author is an organic gardener not out of hatred of Western civilization, history, reasonable authority—those hatreds which led to the gullibilities of the counterculture—but rather out of knowledge and wise love. What she scorns are enterprise's nastier companions: cupidity, ugliness, stupidity, vanity, and the moral slavery to fashion.

She is an amateur in that she neither sells things nor works for hire; but she is a professional in that she knows the business inside and out—the true commerce with nature, and the shady ancillary enterprises of man. As a consumer of plants, seed, tools manuals, and catalogs, she has the active vigilance of a Ralph Nader, tempered with the maturity not to feel, or to feign, surprise at the fertility of human greed. (Even her indignation never allows her to lose her grip on plausibility: "Once again a good thing is pushed off the market for reasons that have nothing to do with the consumer's interests. One can't call it a conspiracy exactly, but the effect is the same.") A nongardener like myself, for whom putting something into the ground has heretofore been like bearing coin into Caesar's palace, can delight in the vision of possibilities this book engenders, its splendors and demystifications growing side by side. It is a matter here not merely of horticulture, but of what has been meant since Matthew Arnold at least by "culture" in its broadest human sense: the tending of the gardens of the self and the world, the exercise of informed choice and achieved taste on the cultivation of all our local natures. This perennial book springs from the ground of intelligence, candor, and good humor which has not yet, artificial fertilizers to the contrary, been worn out.

JOHN HOLLANDER

John Hollander's *Rhyme's Reason: A Guide to English Verse* is being published this month by Yale University Press.

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Defending Personal Dignity

The Other Side of Racism: A Philosophical Study of Black Race Consciousness by Anne Wortham

(Ohio State University Press; $12.50)

The Other Side of Racism is a work of some insight and considerable courage in a field where both are in perpetually short supply. Anne Wortham is a young sociologist who, she hastens to inform the reader, happens to be black. Of greater interest, she is a passionate critic of affirmative action policies and, generally, of the way we think about race issues today.

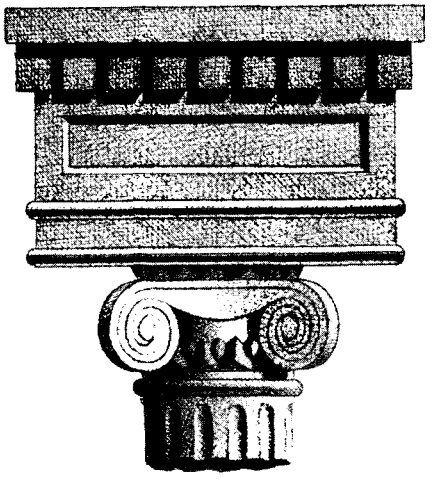
Anne Wortham builds her argument around the novel idea that racism in America works both ways; that ". . . Negroes and other minorities *are* victims of white racism, but so too are whites victims of Negro racism and ethnic prejudice." This is "the other side of racism" of her title. Wortham condemns "the ethno-race consciousness" that, she charges, blacks typically rely on as a way to avoid individual responsibility for their situation. "There is an abundance of writing on the sociocultural problems of Negroes," she announces, "but this is one of the few studies that name contemporary Negro individuals themselves as well as socioeconomic and political factors as the source of many of their problems." Anne Wortham is battling against the combined forces of social-science determinism and welfare-state liberalism, which assign blacks to victim status, she argues, "without any reference to Negroes as the causal agents of their existence."

Of course, none of this is startlingly new. Similar arguments have been made by various neoconservatives and even by a few black writers. More intriguingly, Ms. Wortham's perspective is similar to that articulated by liberal historians who have challenged the work of scholars such as E. Franklin Frazier and especially Stanley Elkins, who tended to depict blacks as the passive victims of dehumanizing oppression. During the past decade scholars such as Lawrence Levine, Herbert Gutman, and Eugene Genovese persuasively have demonstrated that blacks—enslaved and free—were active participants in the American historical drama. Of course, this revisionist perspective carries with it a burden that its advocates have not always been willing to bear. For if blacks were active participants in that drama, black Americans must also assume some responsibility for its outcome. And this is the theme that Anne Wortham pursues with a vengeance.

Ms. Wortham bases her forceful argument on five psychological portraits of "race-conscious Negroes," drawn with the power of one who has wrestled personally with the issues discussed. The "Conventional Integrationist" is the advocate of affirmative action who is motivated not so much by material self-interest as by the need to gain the approval of white society. He wants that approval so much that he is willing to abandon mere desegregation and voluntary integration, which entail risks for him, for compulsory integration. And unlike other critics of affirmative action, who draw a sharp distinction between the original goals of the civil rights movement and current policies, Wortham traces the position of the Conventional Integrationist to Martin Luther King. She argues that he pursued the goal of desegregation, which assumes equality of opportunity for individuals, by offering the vision of racial understanding through Christian love and brotherhood, which carried the seeds of concern with equality of results.

Ms. Wortham's other portraits are equally intriguing—the Ambivalent Appeaser, the Independent Militant, the Power-seeking Nationalist, and the Spiritual Separatist. Of these, the last two deserve special attention. Psychological interpretations of racial separatism are nothing new. But Wortham goes beyond the obvious and explores how black activists reject all social-pathology interpretations of black culture and yet claim special status as a victimized group. She explains:

> The Integrationists were victims who did not want to be victims. But the Power-seekers and Spiritualists wanted to enshrine their victimization—to make it the standard by which they deal with others. They would rather remain victims . . . than take the risks that their in-



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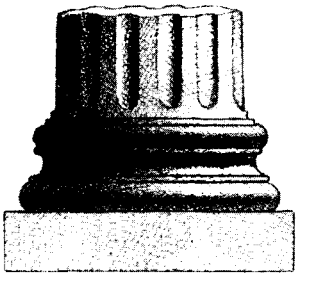

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> creased freedom demanded of them. . . . They did not want justice, but power. They wanted to 'get even' and to force others to provide conditions of success for them. . . .

This is strong stuff, and like much of what Ms. Wortham writes, overstated. But she does question a state of affairs that most social observers increasingly seem to take for granted.

Recall, for example, the recent murders of black children in Atlanta. Many blacks and not a few whites convinced themselves—contrary to the evidence released by authorities—that these acts of individual pathology were still more abuse heaped upon black Americans by white society. Thus, like the man who insisted he had stopped beating his wife, many whites dutifully donned green ribbons of mourning to make the statement that they too were opposed to the murder of black children. Now that the suspect in at least one of these murders has proved to be black, however, an eerie silence has enshrouded the topic.

ANNE WORTHAM's response to this habit of assigning blacks to victim status is simply to say that it's time to put it aside.

> There comes a time in the lives of individuals and in the history of groups of people when it is wise to take Shakespeare's advice: 'Things without remedy, should be without regard; what is done, is done.'
>
> With the exception of the American Indians, no ethnic group has suffered more injustices at the hands of government and its fellow citizens than the Negro race. But the debt has been paid. The protection and preservation of the human rights and liberty of Negroes is no longer a dream deferred. . . .

Here again Ms. Wortham exaggerates, but there is a freshness and commonsense quality about her perspective that merits respect and attention.

Unfortunately, Ms. Wortham's insight and common sense are frequently obscured by her commitment to libertarian values. She posits a society of "free and sovereign individuals" and describes her task as the "defense of a particular kind of individual: the self-created person of authentic self-esteem, integrity, and honesty, whose individuality is endowed with a free spirit and an active commitment to reason as his only tool of knowledge."

Like other libertarians, Wortham displays an animus against politics that can only be called utopian. She rejects the pursuit of all political power by blacks as a group as merely another avenue of flight from individual responsibility and authenticity. Wortham never adequately deals with the fact that ethnic identity has been an important source of strength in the political and economic mobilization of disadvantaged groups. More important, she fails to distinguish between politics based on ethnic or racial consciousness and the institutionalization of such consciousness by government policies.

So, bound up in her libertarian framework, Anne Wortham never poses the question in its stark simplicity: do blacks today really need more individualism? What she and other market-oriented conservatives overlook is that the market-type exchanges between autonomous, rational individuals that they so admire have always been embedded in decidedly nonmarket social structures that disciplined the pursuit of individual self-interest. In poor communities in particular, such discipline has come from institutions like the family and the church that are based on irrational impulses. Today these institutions are under attack throughout society, especially in poor and minority communities. And though there are persistent traditionalist countermovements among blacks in particular, there is a veritable epidemic of individualism. Ghetto residents in fact have a name for it—"going for yourself." This ethic leads to behavior that is quite rational, but often criminal as well. Or it may simply mean rationally choosing to go on welfare instead of taking a low-paying job. Then, too, there is the irrational individualism that leads, for example, to self-destructive use of drugs—which would seem to undermine Ms. Wortham's faith in the self-regulating individual.

What poor blacks and other impoverished groups need today is not more individualism, but less. What they need are social structures and organizations to harness rational and irrational energies to community ends. Anne Wortham is certainly right that black Americans do not need paternalism, but neither do they need her libertarian individualism.

As social philosophy this book is wrongheaded, built around a model of the autonomous individual even Adam Smith would have trouble accepting. But as social criticism, it is a work of unusual courage and common sense, evident in spite of the author's extreme intellectual perspective. In the end, however, *The Other Side of Racism* may be most interesting as social document. One cannot help feeling that Anne Wortham's commitment to the rational individual must reflect her own struggle to find a way through the rhetoric of race relations today.

PETER SKERRY

Peter Skerry is a graduate student in government at Harvard University.

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

The Country
by David Plante

(Atheneum; $9.95)

I don't know when I have been more moved by a novel than by *The Country*; its power to evoke the pity and helplessness with which the living bury the dead puts it in very rare company. Its slender story has a son returning from abroad first to visit his ill and aging parents; later he comes home again to attend his father's funeral, and for intensity of emotion Plante's funeral scene ranks with that moment at the end of *Fathers and Sons* when Bazarov's parents cleave together in grief at their son's grave.

The Country is the sequel to *The Family*, unread by me, which was nominated for a National Book Award in 1978. It is set in that portentously named city, Providence, Rhode Island. It is spare; the emphasis is not on plot or event but on character and the relationships between characters. The style is also spare;

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its plainness, however, is felt as a token of the author's sincerity. We accept that this happened to Daniel Francoeur—and perhaps to David Plante, who like Daniel is an American writer living in London—and it is the bare style that convinces us. It is the way people sound when the depth of their feelings forbids adjectives.

See, for example, how the bare style works to make the emotion of this scene transparent. Daniel has come home after a year's absence to find his mother sadly deteriorated:

> Small and bent, she seemed to me to be wandering, alone, among large people she did not know.
>
> She shuffled, her hand out, from chair back to chair back.
>
> With a great heave of my chest, I went to her and put my arms around her. I realized, when I held her, how twisted her body had become. She pushed against my chest to look up at me to see who was holding her.
>
> She said, 'Oh Daniel.'
>
> All my feelings went out to her.

Any rhetorical embellishment on those old bones would seem as false as a mink coat.

CRITICS PRAISE writers for their voices as if they were singers. Mr. Plante, however, creates an objectively realized situation instead of a voice dominating the situation. This makes his novel dramatic; it could be a play, so little does the narrator obtrude. It all seems lifelike but it owes this effect to an austere technique.

This then is the prose medium and aesthetic pitch of the tale. Its overall shape is as simple as its informing vision is complex. In the opening section, Daniel makes two visits to his ailing parents (we never discover what is wrong with them). This is followed by a second part which takes place years earlier at a country house that Daniel and his six brothers have bought to occupy their jobless father. The third part, set a year after Daniel's visit in part one, is given over to the funeral and its aftermath. At the very end, Daniel takes a walk in the woods surrounding the country house, and senses his father's presence there.

Even the most minor characters take on life with a fine touch or two, but the richest character is Jim Francoeur—Père, to his family. The grandson of a Blackfoot Indian woman and a French-Canadian fur trapper, Père is a man who once had iron in him but whose will was broken when he lost his job. He was a toolmaker at a file factory, a leader of its independent union, and an opponent of big labor. He became a friend and protégé of the factory superintendent; and thanks to this man grew active in Republican politics. ("I always spoke against high taxes, inflation, unemployment, and for the right to work.") After the factory was organized by the AFL-CIO, there were constant strikes; his friend asked what the company could do to stop them. He said close the plant, and they did, and he was without a job.

A proud man. Yet his son has to eke this story out of him, for he is withdrawn, defeated. The contrast between the rugged individualist in the story and the dying man telling it is poignant. Looking back, Jim Francoeur pronounces a terrible judgment on himself, "I have done no good in the world," and weeps inconsolably.

If his pride made him strong, it also made him a tyrant to his wife, and in a terrible scene right after Daniel arrives, she fleers at her husband with the brutal liberty of the aged:

> Your father has always had his will. He didn't want me to have the operation. I didn't have it. I did what he wanted. I always did what he wanted. He wanted us to sleep in the same bed, though he knew I couldn't have any children or I would die. And we were good Catholics, we didn't want to sin, we couldn't use anything to make sure I wouldn't have a baby. We slept in the same bed, but if he touched me I said, 'Do you want me to die?' He couldn't sleep, he couldn't work. I thought, 'I'm keeping him from sleeping; I'm keeping him from working.' I said, 'We'll sleep in separate beds.' He said, 'No.' It was hard. It was hard for him. It was hard for me. I thought, 'He can't continue like this.' I gave in. He had his will.

He had his will; and she her anger. She feels it has poisoned her, made her a bad wife and mother. Plante doesn't take sides; instead he takes us to a fullness of understanding beyond judgment.

It is Plante's grip on the objective method of narration, his commitment to what Henry James called scenic rendering, that allows him, in the long flashback at the country house, to turn from brother to brother and from mother to father in quick defining strokes of description and dialogue. Chekhov would be proud of the mixtures of tone here, the admirable economy, the rapid pace. Each of the brothers—they range in occupation from printer to Marine major to businessman—gets his moment of Plante's attention, even as we see how they have been starved for that of their parents. There is ambivalence among the brothers, but Plante is more interested in showing their fumbling gestures of love; and at the funeral they buck one another up beautifully.

There is nothing else they can do; Père is dead and Mère is beyond helping. At the wake, staring at his father's coffin, Daniel has a vision of the universal helplessness:

> There was so little the Lord could do. His heart, too, bled. He saw, he saw the whole of the past, the present, the future, and he did nothing to alter what he saw, but wept for what he saw. It was not God's fault, and it was not our fault, our condemnation; that was the way it was, because we were born condemned, most of us anyway, though we were, ourselves, innocent. We suffered as innocents. No one was to blame, not even God. It was all so vast. It was vast and it did not allow for much pity, and no consolation. I would die, I would be left out, as my brothers, my sister-in-law, my nephews and nieces, my aunts and uncle and cousins and distant cousins, as my mother, too, would be, as, no doubt, my father was, left out, and there was nothing I, as there had been nothing my father, could do.

Grim eloquence. Yet it is typical of Plante's sense of complexity that directly after thinking this Daniel should see one of his brother's sons, who was not expected at the wake, being reunited

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with his family. The juxtaposition of what he thinks with what he sees reminds us that our final impotence need not banish local joy. Death is true, but it is not the Truth.

Throughout the novel there are even hints that the world is lit by a mystery beyond death. This is suggested in an insistent imagery of light breaking into darkened rooms and illuminating the tops of trees at dusk; and it is made explicit early in the novel when Daniel sees his father standing alone in the woods:

> His lips were moving. I saw, standing in the woods behind him, his mother, large and dark, and deeper in, a larger, darker woman, and then another and another, each larger and darker, mothers and daughters, daughters and mothers, going back and back, to a great dark mother, to whom my father could pray in a language I did not know.

This preserving place seems to be a fusion of the Catholic notion of the communion of saints with Daniel's projection of his primordial Indian descent, and it surrounds the action of the novel like a ring of light from a far country to which all the characters are going. It adds a note of the numinous to this lovely, painful book.

JACK BEATTY

MYSTERIES

It's almost too good to be true: to find five or more books in a row that are well constructed, convincing, highly readable, and at least a little bit mysterious. Perhaps what they say is true: good writers are turning more to mystery and detective fiction, and first writers of talent start this way. Or perhaps publishers are developing good taste. Or perhaps this is a lucky month.

First, there is a new Reginald Hill, and this is always a cause for rejoicing. *A Killing Kindness* (Pantheon; $10.95) is about the Yorkshire Strangler, and apparently it's the old story about a psychopath who hopes to save young women from sexual knowledge. The writing as always sparkles with a distinct mixture of the bawdy and the compassionate, and the spoken English language comes through brilliantly.

Then there is another book from Jack S. Scott, *The View from Deacon Hill* (Ticknor & Fields; $9.95). I hadn't cared for the first Scott I had read, so several had passed by me, but *Deacon Hill* led me back to read all those books that lead up to it. Scott is a bit of a puzzle, and a very likable one. There is no true mystery, for we usually know who the criminals are at the outset. The fascination is in seeing justice done, or in Scott's case, most likely not done. There are interesting series figures who weave the books together systematically, and each new book reminds the reader of key events that went before, at least once to the point of giving away the solution to the one genuine mystery in the lot. (Scott, it would appear, doesn't want to keep a secret.)

IN THIS LATEST novel the plodding, gorillalike Sergeant Rosher, busted down for mishandling an assignment, spots a crime in progress while shepherding a visiting American policeman about the countryside. The *View from Deacon Hill* also appears to be retrospective, as hints about all the previous cases crop up, and characters reappear in guises assumed as a result of events revealed only in the past. The book can stand alone, certainly, and it is a rousingly good read, but there is greater pleasure in going back over the ground, especially in *The Poor Old Lady's Dead* (the blown mystery), *The Shallow Grave* (which is markedly like Hill's *A Killing Kindness*), and *The Gospel Lamb*. One is struck with how similar Hill and Scott are, in fact, for both use the same speech rhythms, both have the same ironic view of humankind, and both are equally honest about sexual matters without a hint of the voyeur. Scott is rather more vulgar, especially if one understands English slang, and yet the craftsmanship bears the same distinctive signs. A reader who likes the one will like the other. (Is it impossible that they are, in fact, the same person?)

Again on the scene is Michael Z. Lewin, an American who lives in England and who has kept his American ear while acquiring something of the sense of English small-town plot structure. *Missing Woman* (Knopf; $10.95) is Lewin's best book (most reviewers disliked his last, *Outside In*, though I thought it intriguing). Albert Samson, Indianapolis's most nearly down-and-out, morally upright private eye, operates around Brown County and the Indiana University environs for this one, and southern Indiana is used very nicely as though residence in Somerset had not dulled the memories of that hilly country. Samson is visited by a woman who says she is a professor of sociology and asked to trace a lost school friend. Apparently Samson doesn't realize that sociologists aren't to be trusted, but before he is finished he will discover the several ways in which a woman may be missing, and found again, and perhaps left missing. The dialogue is authentic, the settings attractive, and the mystery real; fortunately the question of who did those murders is a secondary one, since the murderer is fairly easy to spot.

Another dependable writer is Arthur Maling, and in *From Thunder Bay* (Harper & Row; $11.95), his 13th book, he shows us the disintegration of an American army deserter eking out a living in Canada, the destructive power of love between two brothers, and the methodical ways of the United States and Canadian narcotics squads. The action takes place in Minnesota, Ontario, and Atlantic City, and the presentation is cinematic, with John Travolta (the strong brother) trying to save Anthony Perkins (the weak brother). Maling always shows people in all their weaknesses, even when some think themselves being strong, but these cautionary tales are so closely plotted, one thinks of them as didactic only in summary.

Finally, there is a new Robert Barnard: *Death of a Perfect Mother* (Scribner's; $9.95). Those who have discovered Barnard (who is a professor of English at the University of Tromso, in Norway) will know what to expect: literate, biting satire, a genuine mystery, and a sense of sophisticated Christie. Here two devoted sons plot to murder their mother but someone beats them to it, and they discover quite a bit about themselves, and about her, that they did not know, while Chief Inspector Dominic McHale, unlike all those other inspectors of English crime fiction, proceeds to make a mess of the investigation.

ROBIN W. WINKS

COMING
John K. Fairbank
On the Chinese Revolution.

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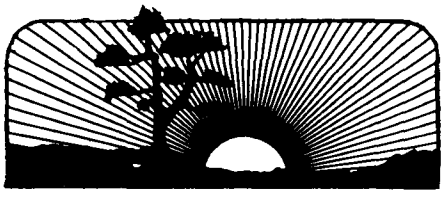

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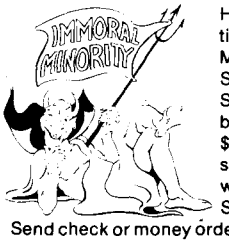

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Solidarity Day

AFTER A PROFOUND silence of many years' duration, the American labor movement has been heard from. And what a great noise it has made! You can think of labor as a sleeping giant that has been awakened, or, less grandly, as a sleeping dog that has been kicked; either way, labor has suddenly stood up on its hind legs. And having stood up, it finds itself to be taller than it thought it was.

BY THE MEASURE of oratory, Solidarity Day was a dud. If any of the dozen or so speakers who trooped to the podium had a dream, which is not especially likely, they weren't inclined to share it. By the measure of passionate intensity, Solidarity Day was similarly a flop. It had little of the unalloyed moral fervor of the civil rights marches. Of the apocalyptic fire that marked the old Vietnam War protests it had none at all. But by the measure of sheer numbers, Solidarity Day was a stunning success. It was bigger than the civil rights March on Washington of August 28, 1963; bigger than the Vietnam Moratorium rally of November 15, 1969; bigger than the antinuke, antidraft, pro-ERA, and antiabortion demonstrations of recent years put together. To be sure, the civil rights and antiwar organizers of the 1960s got their people to Washington without benefit of the ample treasuries and well-staffed organizations that the AFL-CIO has at its disposal. But even if there must be an asterisk or two in the record book, the fact remains that the Solidarity Day march of September 19, 1981, was the largest single political protest demonstration in US history.

THAT WAS NO mean feat when you consider that there was no great burning moral issue to draw the committed and no lineup of big-name (or even small-name) entertainers to draw the apathetic. All Solidarity Day had was a few labor chieftains and a general feeling that the Reagan economic program is a raw deal and a hoax to boot. Until a few weeks ago, it had looked very much as if Solidarity Day were going to be an embarrassing fiasco. To a lot of people around town, the timing seemed all wrong. It would come too late to affect the tax and budget fights in Congress and too early to take advantage of the indignation that will presumably attend the actual execution of the cuts. The help that put Solidarity Day over the top came from the unlikeliest of quarters: Wall Street and the White House. The former decided that supply-side magic might not pull the rabbit out of the hat after all; the latter decided that the week before the demonstration was just the time to announce that billions in Social Security might have to be cut, campaign promises to the contrary notwithstanding. It's nice to see class collaboration serving labor's interests for a change.

AMONG OTHER THINGS, Solidarity Day was Lane Kirkland's coming-out party. Before last Saturday, Kirkland was just a guy who had polished up George Meany's handles so carefully . . . Now, by doing something Meany would never have done and doing it successfully, he has become the strategic genius who brought the labor movement back to life. Kirkland has vaguely aristocratic South Carolina antecedents, and he favors a flowery prose that has a vaguely antebellum quality. A sample from his speech on the Mall: "The object of governance in America, we are told, is but to raise armies, to foster and nourish commercial enterprise, and to suppress those forces that might check or temper its rapacity. If you reject the notion that only the state, through its chief executive, faithfully expresses your will—look about you. You are not alone."

BY OPENING UP Solidarity Day to a great spectrum of people (the AFL-CIO's list of some 200 endorsing organizations included environmental, feminist, antinuclear, and gay groups), Kirkland strengthened himself and his movement immeasurably. By putting aside the resentments of the Vietnam era, he has created the possibility that labor will lead whatever progressive coalition eventually emerges. Despite the hippies-versus-hardhats dramatics of the last 15 years, the romance of the worker still has great moral resonance among liberals who are smooth of hand and delicate of sensibility. (Meany always seemed to be afraid that his people might get infected by the strange characters who show up at big demonstrations. Solidarity Day had its share of those, but their proximity did not visibly transform any of the stolid trade unionists present into pot-smoking gay Trotskyist backpackers.)

THE ROLE OF BAD conscience at Solidarity Day fell to the air controllers. They showed little solidarity with their fellow unionists last year, when they endorsed Reagan in exchange for an indistinct promise of special treatment. Now that Reagan has arranged for the roof to fall in on them, their brothers and sisters in toil have returned the favor. There were ritual expressions of support from the podium, and much was made of the fact that the unions had chartered buses instead of planes to get to Washington, but everyone on the Mall was well aware that the kind of backing that might have made a difference never came. So in the line of march the controllers were the walking dead—the International Brotherhood of Zombies and Allied Trades. When a PATCO contingent of 100 or so came trudging through, the crowd fell back superstitiously, with a mixture of curiosity, awe, and guilt—like medieval villagers making way for a band of flagellants.

SOLIDARITY DAY WAS an expression of profound disquiet with the Reagan approach. It had no program of its own to offer; and, as Paul London points out elsewhere in this issue, it will need one if it is to lead to a real political alternative. But for an event whose genesis was so purely negative, it had a remarkably positive air about it. If it lacked fire, it also lacked hate. If the rhetoric lacked eloquence, at least it was the rhetoric of unity, not of sectarian righteousness and resentment. As the crowd on the Mall began to break up, dozens of little groups gathered here and there to let one of their number snap their pictures with the Capitol dome in the background. These were people who had families and fixed addresses to go home to. And these were people who by their patient good cheer showed that they understood perfectly well that their march wasn't going to change things overnight. But the idea of solidarity was a good place to start, and not just in Poland.

H. H.

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